MAINE FARMER

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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

HOW SHALL WE FEED CATTLE IN WINTER?

The true principle of feeding cattle in the winter season is not, as yet, fully settled. That they should have enough of nutritive matter for food, all agree, but the best way and manner of supplying it is the question.

Some contend that three fodderings per day are enough; that these should be given promptly and at regular hours; that in so doing the cattle become accustomed to the times, and during the intervals can lie down and chew their cuds with quiet satisfaction.

Others contend that this mode will take more fodder than if they were fed at short intervals, and with but little at a time. This last mode would keep a hand pretty steadily employed during the whole foddering season.

We once knew an old gentleman who kept quite a large stock of cattle one winter, and, having plenty of leisure, adopted frequent feeding with small fodderings at a time. He told us that he was satisfied it took less hay to carry his stock through the winter, but it required much time. Indeed, he literally lived with his stock during the foddering season.

The following remarks upon this subject we copy from the *Rural New Yorker*. There are some facts in it worth knowing:—

HINTS FOR A SEASON OF SCARCITY.

"Irregular and excessive feeding of animals is not as good, and will not result as favorably as feeding a less amount so frequently that the animal never gets *very* hungry. We believe that an animal fed more at one time than it should or will readily eat, wastes not only what he leaves, but frequently by over-eating. However careless and slothful we may be in seasons of plenty, such winters as this should call for care and economy.

The philosophy we wish to inculcate in regard to fodder saving is this:—That frequent feeding will save, to a considerable extent, the quantity generally given. We have seen this demonstrated, but usually by parties who knew little of the secret of their own success, and cared less for imparting it, and they are such as we are slow to follow the practice of. A small amount of food satisfies hunger—much less than we think for. If a man were to eat twelve crackers in the morning, he would be hungry at noon—while, by eating a cracker every hour, he will be comfortably free from the gnawings of appetite, if not laboring, for a whole day. The stomach is not emphatic in its demands so long as food remains in it. So, if we wish to save fodder, we should feed often, sparingly. Especially should coarse fodder be given frequently, and little at a time, when all will be eaten; whereas, if we give liberally, it is picked over, and appetite becoming satisfied by the time the poorest is reached, it is refused and wasted.

We saw an evidence of this in the practice of a poor widow whom necessity compelled to the closest economy. She wintered, for several winters, two cows on the smallest possible allowance of hay, and they uniformly came out in fair condition. She fed them regularly a little, some half dozen times daily, and none was wasted. A few miles from her lived a farmer keeping a fine stock o young cattle, whose practice was a by-word and reproach in the neighborhood. We often heard it said that Old M. took a whole foddering of hay for twenty steers under his arm at once. However this may be, we became intimately acquainted with his practice and its results, and found his stock as well or better cared for than his neighbors, but in a very different manner—none was wasted—not any—and we doubt not his saving each winter amply paid him for the extra care he took in foddering. His cattle were certainly in better condition than those whose yards were littered with the refused remnants of frequent feeding.

This rule is good not only in saving fodder, but also in producing rapid growth Peter Rhoda, of Hornby, N. Y., produced two 400-pound net hogs, killed when about ten months old, four successive years. They were fed five or six times daily. He also found the same success in growing calves—producing them fully equaling those that had run with the cow.

We suggest making a virtue of necessity at the present time, by using extra economy and prudence in feeding this winter. NOT A. TUBES.

Monterey, N. Y., 1859.

A SQUABBLE IN THE PEAR GARDEN.

The editor of the *Homstead* is after the editor of the *Magazine of Horticulture* (C. M. Hovey, Esq.) with "*a sharp stick*," for taking, as he alleges, one of the good old Connecticut pears and giving it a new name.

This pear has hitherto been known as the "Pinneo" pear. It is said to have been cultivated in Connecticut nearly a hundred years, and has pleased the palates and cheered the hearts of men, women and children in that good old State, years and years before friend Hovey was born. And now, the said Hovey, not having the fear of Pomological Societies before his eyes, hath taken the said Pinneo pear and christened it the "Boston" pear, and presents it to the public as a new seedling of surpassing excellence.

Well, if that be true, all we can say is, he has more courage than prudence. Seriously, however, we think friend Hovey—whom we have looked upon as a guide in Pomological matters, and whose labors, both as an author and cultivator, have been highly appreciated by the community—ought to be the last man to do anything that would produce confusion in our nomenclature of fruits, and thus create distrust where we should feel disposed to place all confidence.

Such controversies are unpleasant; but where truth requires "searching operations" in order to bring out full developments, they should be carried on firmly and with due regard to correcting any errors that may lead others astray.

A FIRE BROOM IN THE GARDEN.

Every one knows how difficult it sometimes is to keep garden walks, and gravel walks in pleasure grounds and elsewhere, free from weeds, grass and other nuisances that are continually infesting them. Prof. Charles G. Page of Washington, D. C., has pressed fire into his service for this purpose, and has invented, and we suppose patented a machine which looks like the top of a wedge shaped chimney, turned bottom up, and mounted on wheels. He has given a cut of it in the *Gardener's Monthly*. Within this chimney is a fire-box to contain fuel, which fuel should be of a kind that will not yield much smoke; over this is a double acting bellows, which, by its action, throws a current of air down through the fuel, and blows the flame and heat down on to the ground, thereby scorching and singing and destroying everything below of a combustible nature, not even sparing the ants and other insects that may have been so presumptuous as to have taken possession of the walk. The inverted mouth of the chimney is brought down to within a few inches of the ground, and the operator rolls it along the walk, at the same time puffing the bellows.

We think that in a dry time, and with a brisk fire, it will accomplish the business pretty effectually. It must be a real "besom of destruction."

For the Maine Farmer.

BALLOON HOUSES—QUERY.

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of the 8th is an article on Balloon Houses. I wish to build a house 24 feet wide and 34 feet long, and a porch of nearly the same dimensions. A floor joist 24 feet long is hard to get, what am I to do in order to remedy this obstacle if I adopt the balloon plan? I. B. H.

Westbrook, Dec. 10th, 1859.

NOTE. Do as you would in any other mode of building when your timber is not long enough—splice it. Be sure, however, to have your foundation strong, whether you build balloon or any other fashion. Mr. Woodard, the architect, who wrote the article referred to, has communicated further information upon this subject to the *Country Gentleman*, which we shall copy soon, if we can obtain the cuts illustrating it. ED.

CHILBLAINS.

As this is the season for that troublesome malady called chilblains, a few remedies will be serviceable to many:

FOR CHILBLAINS—THE BEST YET. Immerse the feet in salt water as hot as can be borne. Have a kettle of boiling water by you, and gradually increase the temperature by pouring it in. The feet will become puffy and swollen. Keep the feet in for half an hour or longer, and then wipe dry, and go to bed, and it will be found that the soreness and inflammation have entirely subsided. Remember this—it is so simple and effectual.

MARY.

NOTE. Somebody says that water in which potatoes have been boiled, is good to use in this way for chilblains.—*Ed. Ohio Cultivator.*

Mr. Hartwell of New York, in the *Rural New Yorker*, says he cured a troublesome case of his own by soaking the feet in hot water, and then bathing thoroughly with strong spirits of camphor.

He also recommends a bath, made of one pint of alcohol, two ounces aqua ammonia, two ounces spirits of turpentine.

FAN MILLS.

In answer to some queries which we put to Mr. Whitman, of Winthrop, who we all know is extensively engaged in the manufacturing of agricultural implements, relative to the queries of our correspondent "J. S. C.," of Nova Scotia, he informs us that the fans made by them, and which have hitherto given perfect satisfaction, are very simple and durable; no belts being used about them. The medium size is about 3 ft., 8 in. in height, 4 ft. 6 in. long, 2 ft. wide, outside measurement. Their prices are, for fans delivered on the cars, 13, 15, 16 and 17 dollars, for Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4.

We have not obtained the measurement of the several interior parts. These would be better understood if we had a cut to illustrate them.

For the Maine Farmer.

CHINA AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the China Ag'l Society, was held at the Jepson school-house, Saturday, Oct. 29, 1859. The election of officers resulted as follows:—

President: A. H. Jones.

Vice Presidents: Alfred Marshall, Eli Jepson, Rollin Reed, William Percival, Caleb Jones.

Secretary: S. F. Jepson.

Cor. Secretary: James P. Jones.

Treasurer: Cyrenius K. Evans,

Executive Committee: A. H. Jones, (ex-officio.) Caleb Hanson, J. S. Randall, Eli Jones, Jabez Lewis, Nathan Redlon, Jedediah Doe, Josiah H. Greeley, John L. Gray, Wm. Mosher, C. K. Evans, Wm. Crosman, Moody C. Burgess, Rollin Reed, D. C. Hanson.

The following preamble and resolution were introduced and unanimously adopted:

Whereas a large number of entries has been made by citizens of other towns, which have not only reflected credit upon themselves, but also added much to the interest and value of our Show and Fair,

Resolved, That we extend an invitation to the adjoining towns of Vassalboro', Winslow, Albion, Palermo, and Windsor to unite with us in an Annual Show and Fair to be held at China.

Albert K. Smiley, Esq., was elected an Honorary member of the Society.

The meeting was unusually large and, the universal opinion seemed to be, that a Society like our own, without any cash premiums, was calculated to be of the most real benefit to the farming community.

The meeting then adjourned to Nov. 7th at 6½ o'clock, P. M. S. F. JEPSON, *Secretary.*

At a subsequent meeting it was decided to hold regular meetings during the winter season for the discussion of matters relating to agriculture, on the evenings of the first and third Mondays in each month at 6½ o'clock, P. M.

☞ The amount of salt manufactured at Syracuse, New York, is 7,000,000 of bushels annually.

For the Maine Farmer.

LETTERS FROM THE PROVINCES.—NO 12.

MR. EDITOR:—There are in Nova Scotia the scattered remnants of a once powerful tribe of Indians—the Micmacs—numbering about 1000 souls. Like other tribes, they have no fixed habitation, but wander up and down the Province, hunt the moose, make baskets, and, occasionally, beg a few coppers to buy tea and 'baccy with. The Government looks after their temporal interests, and the Priest keeps an eye to their spiritual wants. For a few years past there has been an effort made to convert them from Catholicism to Protestantism, which, could it prove successful, might not improve their condition much, if any. The enterprise thus far, although pushed with great energy, has proved a failure. The Rev. Mr. Rand, of the Baptist denomination, has been amongst them and learned their language, and had portions of the Bible printed in their own tongue and taught a few of them to read it; still they turn with longing hearts towards the gaudy and mysterious symbols of the old Church in which they have been so often charmed! My own private opinion is, that the Rev. Mr. Rand would do them a greater service than he is now accomplishing, if he would take a lesson from the Pastor Oberlin, who taught his wild and savage parishoners the arts of civilization before he attempted to crowd their undeveloped minds with creeds and doctrines of doubtful utility. The natural law of love, they can understand—and it matters but little who teaches them this, whether Catholic or Protestant. The only thing that will do them any good, is to teach them how to live, to labor, and surround themselves with the comforts of this world, and then, in due time, they can be taught, perhaps, to see the difference between conflicting isms. The tribe, however, is destined to become extinct. A few generations more, and they will become merged and mixed with other nations, till the Indian will not be known, and his once noble blood will enrich a prouder name than he ever wore!

The *Acadians* are somewhat numerous in both Provinces, and *marked* and *distinct* in their general traits of character. From their earliest settlement in this country they have been the natural enemies of the English; and hence, have not grown into many of their habits and customs The remembrance of the expulsion of their fathers by the English, haunts them continually, and many of them, perhaps all, are living in expectation that Napoleon will yet conquer England, and thus restore the Provinces to France; and "then," said an old Acadian to me, "we will have our turn in expelling men, women and children from the country." "But," said I, "do you really expect such a turn-about in your favor." "Certainly we do," said he; "Napoleon will yet conquer England and give us our rights in this country." "But you will not drive all the English out of the country, will you." "Yes, we will—all who do not submit to our laws." Well, this would be nothing more than an even-handed return of evil for evil. However, I have the promise of a seat in the new kingdom, in consideration of being an American, and a neutral when the fight comes off.

This natural enmity towards the English, which their great ancestors brought from France with them, and which was deepened in the hearts of their fathers by their expulsion from the country, and has ever since rankled in the hearts of their descendants, has had a powerful tendency to keep this people in the background of improvement, and in the old ruts of custom which their fathers made one hundred and fifty years ago.

They are an industrious people, in their way. The men fish, and follow the seas, many of them; while the women cultivate the land, raise the poultry, knit the socks, pick the berries, and go to market.

The fashions, which, with all others, are "passing away," are permanent and everlasting with them. They wear the same color, cut, and crimp now as they did in the days of Evangeline, and will not change their habit of dress till they throw off all that is mortal! On market days, numbers of them may be seen in the streets of Halifax, in blue homespun skirts, calico jackets, and checked handkerchi fs over their heads, tied in different knots to distinguish the unmarried from the married, and a basket of eggs, or socks, or berries on each arm, to sell for cash or indigo to color more yarn, &c.

This portion of our population, of course, is Catholic in religion, quiet in politics, and ambitious only for the good old paths in which their fathers walked five hundred years ago.

The thrilling story of Evangeline, by Longfellow, gives this people and their history an interest which calls up our attention whenever we hear them mentioned.

In my next, I will speak of other classes.

G.

For the Maine Farmer.

FARMERS' CLUB IN TURNER.

MR. EDITOR:—A Farmer's Club was organized in Turner on the 7th inst., and chose Capt. Hiram Bryant, President; David J. Briggs, Vice President, and Rufus Prince, Secretary. There seems to be a good degree of interest manifested in our meetings, which are well attended, especially by our young men, who are determined to work with the mind as well as body. Our first subject for discussion was "The best method of using manures;" and it seems hardly possible that there should be such a diversity of opinion relative to the use of an article so much used by all farmers as was shown by the opinions expressed by those present. Some advocated plowing in all green manures very deep; others harrowing in; but the most prevalent opinion seemed to be that the best method was to work it in thoroughly with the ox cultivator. Respectfully yours,

RUFUS PRINCE.

Turner, Dec. 8th, 1859.

COTTAGE PUDDING. The following is a receipt for a delicious pudding, which we know our lady friends will thanks us for giving them:

1 pint flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, piece butter size of an English walnut, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful soda, and a little salt. Steamed or baked.

☞ The receipts of Cotton at New Orleans are already 250,000 bales in excess of last year.

ARTIFICIAL BREEDING OF FISH.

We have been favored, says the *Country Gentleman*, with a copy of a letter from Gov. Wright of Indiana, now U. S. Minister at Berlin, to D. Howland, Esq., of Indianapolis. It discusses several questions of interest to farmers and horticulturists, but we confine our extract at present, to what he says upon the artificial production of fish:

Fish have been artificially increased and preserved in China for centuries. A little more than a hundred years ago, the subject began to attract the attention of scientific men in Germany, where the practice has already reached a high state of culture. In England and France attention has been but recently directed to this branch of industry, yet it is successfully cultivated in both countries, and promises to become of the utmost importance to the world. I will not attempt a description of the different methods pursued in France and Germany, as you will find one better written, and with details which I cannot go into, in more than one of our scientific journals. I should like to have some of our Western men, who happen to be the owners of small lakes and ponds, make the experiment for themselves. The field for scientific investigation is large and important, and the results, if successful, cannot fail to be beneficial. If all our ponds, lakes, brooks and rivers were stocked with the better kinds of fish, their increase secured by artificial means, and protected against extirpation by wise legislative provisions, we should have a cheaper and healthy article of food constantly at hand. It is only a short time since Salmon was a luxury in Hanover, Germany, only to be enjoyed by the wealthy; now it is within the means of the peasant as well as of the noble. On the 22d of last February, I had a Salmon from Hanover, on my table, which weighed thirty-two pounds.

I send you the enclosed paragraph from an English paper, as it not only serves to illustrate the practicability of the artificial propagation of fish, but conveys a hint toward the stocking of our great inland seas, which should not be lost upon our countrymen:

"At a recent sitting of the *Societe d' Acclimation*, Dr. Cloquet read an interesting paper on a successful experiment recently made by M. Coste, in a pond situated at St. Cucufa, one of the domains of the Emperor, near St. Cloud. It had hitherto been considered impossible to produce salmon in a state of domesticity, without their emigrating to the sea; M. Coste's experiment proves the contrary. The small pond above alluded to, situated in a shady valley, does not cover a surface of more than two and a half acres. Its greatest depth is six metres, from which the bottom rises in a gentle slope to the grassy bank. It receives its waters by transudation from the high ground with which it is surrounded. Three years ago it was emptied for repairs, and when it afterwards again received its usual quantity of water, M. Coste stocked it with some trout, which are now four years old, and about a foot and a half in length. In April and May, 1857, he added several thousand liliputan salmon, bred at the college de France two months before, and, notwithstanding the havoc committed by their voracious enemies, the trout, they have thriven so well that some time ago, in the presence of their Majesties, upwards of two hundred kilogrammes' weight of these fish were brought up in a single draught of net. They were on an average about a foot in length. But the most important circumstance which M. Coste remarked on this occasion, and which adds a new fact to science, was that all these fish were in a state of reproduction; the spawn which they contained had come to maturity, and it has since been subjected to artificial fecundation; the embryos resulting therefrom are so far developed that they must soon be hatched. Hence it is proved that salmon may be propagated in close waters; and also, that salmon, like trout, begin to spawn at the age of eighteen months."

For the Maine Farmer.

THE OLD WITHERELL HORSE.

This noted horse which was the only remaining stock horse of the Old Winthrop Messenger's get is dead. It was the intention of his owner, Mr. Fassett, of Industry, to exhibit him at the State Fair at Augusta last fall, and he proceeded on his way as far as Belgrade depot, when his horse was taken sick, and after remaining there with him about a week, he returned home with him where he soon after died. This was not a far fetched or dear bought horse. He was raised in Norridgewock, Somerset county, by S. B. Witherell, and was foaled June 7th, 1834.

As a fast trotting horse, he was not particularly eminent, but he derived his greatest renown on account of the superiority of his progeny as strong, long-lived, able-bodied, enduring roadsters, and as fast trotters they have seldom if ever been equaled. I do say without fear of contradiction, that he was the best stock horse ever raised or introduced into Somerset county; and if Mr. Witherell never did any good in any capacity except to raise that horse, he is entitled to the thanks of the whole community.

Yours truly, A. J. DOWNS.

Mercer, Dec. 7th, 1859.

EXPERIMENT WITH POTATOES.

There exists among farmers a great diversity of opinion respecting the most profitable way of planting potatoes. Some plant *whole* seed, and some *cut* it. Mr. Alfred Lapham of Burrillville, has for several years made experiments in this respect. This year he experimented anew. He planted 23 hills with *whole* potatoes; 23 hills with *cut* potatoes, *three* pieces in a hill; and 23 hills with *two* pieces. The seed was averaged by weight and size. The result was as follows: the 23 hills of *uncut* potatoes yielded 55¼ lbs.; the 23 hills with *three* pieces, 27¼ lbs; the 23 hills with *two* pieces, 34 lbs. The potatoes were weighed in presence of Mr. William E. Vallet, who certifies to the above facts and figures. Mr. Lapham tells us the potatoes were all planted together in the same field, side by side, and the same quantity and quality of manure put in all the hills.—*Woonsocket Patriot.*

☞ If bones are not used up in the compost, you can use them up in ashes, or in dilated oil of vitriol.

UNTANNED LEATHER.

The variety of leather, known as "Hungarian leather," at present used chiefly for harness and other similar purposes, is not prepared by *tanning*, but by impregnating the hide with alum, common salt and oil. It differs essentially from that which is tanned and curried; for tanned leather consists, as is well known, not of the *gelatine* of which the hide is composed, joined with the *tannin* in mechanical union, but of a third substance *tanno-gelatine* as distinct from both, as water or air are distinct from the gases of which they are respectively composed. The Hungarian leather, on the contrary, consists of the original fibrous tissue of the hides dried, contracted and slightly changed in nature, but not converted into true leather. Another difference between the Hungarian and ordinary leather, consists in the fact, that the skins prepared by the first method lose, on an average, one half of their original weight. This kind of leather can be prepared for market in three weeks in summer, and in about double that time in winter. The leather may be made at all seasons of the year, since the injurious effects of temperature can easily be counteracted.

The methods of preparation of hides and skins for this Hungarian process are very similar to those usually employed in our tanneries. After unhairing, the hides are dressed with a solution of alum and salt, by which putrefaction is prevented and the hides are rendered stronger and more durable, while the salt mixed with the alum, by keeping the fibers moist, renders the leather more supple. Six pounds of alum, three and a half pounds of salt, and about eight gallons of water are required for a hide weighing eighty pounds. After being twice dressed with alum, and well trampled upon by the bare feet of the workmen continually walking backward over them, the skins are dried, and are then, by another process of trampling or rolling, prepared for tallowing. This process is conducted in a close room, containing a boiler about three quarters full of tallow, which is heated until it melts. when the leather which has been previously warmed, is thoroughly saturated—above three pounds being required for each hide. Calf-skins, however, though prepared in the same way, require less of the tanning materials, the average consumption for a dozen large skins being fourteen pounds of alum, seven pounds of salt, and thirteen pounds of tallow. After being thoroughly saturated with tallow, the leather is *flamed*, or exposed to heat, and is thoroughly dried in the open air.

Hungary is said to have borrowed this method from Senegal in the 14th or 15th century, and toward the close of the 16th century it was introduced into other European countries. In France, especially, the manufacture flourished in Colbert's celebrated manufactory at St. Cloud. The only improvement of importance which has since been made in the original process was introduced by Curandeau, who saved much time, labor, and expense by substituting sulphuric acid for alum. His method is, after preparing the skins in the usual manner, to immerse them for twenty-four hours in a ley composed of four pounds of sulphuric acid mixed with twenty pounds of salt, and twenty-five gallons of water. the same ley serving for several different lots of hides. Heavy ox-hides are most frequently used, but other descriptions may with advantage be subjected to this Hungarian process, and it is not improbable that the same method of preparation might advantageously be employed for the preparation of leather for purposes other and more extensive than those previously mentioned.

—*Scientific Artisan.*

OUR LARGE BRONZE TURKEYS—HOW WE RAISE THEM.

MESSRS. EDITORS. As a number of your subscribers have wished for our method of raising turkeys, and as we have no patent, you are at liberty to give it to the public.

Our first object is to secure large, strong and well formed birds; we prefer a male that has seen two winters, and of not less than 30 lbs. weight—we bred from one last season weighing 39 lbs. We also *prefer* old hens; true, the young hens lay earlier, but their young are not so strong or as large as from old hens. Hens of from 15 to 20 pounds are to be preferred. As the time of laying approaches, we turn a few flour barrels on the side, with one head out; in these we make a nest with leaves, and a few tobacco stems (as lice do not improve turkeys) cover the barrel with a few brush—put into each nest one or two hen's eggs—and leave the turkeys to deposite theirs, which they will generally do—we remove the eggs each day until the turkey inclines to set, then place 20 eggs in the nest, drive two stakes at the mouth of the barrel—close it at night with a piece of lattice work made of laths, to prevent the entrance of night walkers. The first day after hatching we do not feed the young, or allow the mother to leave the nest the first day. On the second day instead of cooping the mother, we coop the young in a pen made by nailing on to four pieces of slit-work 3 by 3 and eighteen inches long, boards of from fourteen to sixteen feet long. This gives a pen from 14 to 16 feet square, and 18 inches high, that can be easily moved, as it should be, as often as once in four or five days, especially in warm weather, or the turkeys will become sickly.

For the first week we feed mostly with boiled eggs chopped fine enough for them to swallow easily, and with fish worms cut or broken into small pieces—the latter give more strength, and cause them to grow faster than any other feed we have given when young. After the first week we feed on curd made by pouring boiling water on to bonney-clabber, turning off the whey. We also feed with corn meal ground very coarse, and wet with thick, sour milk, to which we add a little coarse sand to prevent crop bake, with which many young turkeys die when fed on meal. As soon as they are able to fly over their pen, we allow them to range with the mother in good weather, feeding them a little, morning and evening if insects are not plenty—we think buckwheat the best grain to feed after they are of sufficient size to eat it, as it gives larger size to turkeys; but grasshoppers are better, and when they are plentiful no other food is necessary. In stormy weather when the turkeys are small we drive them into our shed, or barn cellar, where they are sheltered from the cold, the floor being covered with fine litter—this we think better than the coop alluded to by friend HEFFRON, as it gives the young more room and then they are less likely to get crushed by the foot of the mother—we dislike cooping turkeys with young any way. If any get chilled we give them warmth in a basket by the stove, covered with cotton, and give them a fish worm or two, and in an hour they are smart again. We once tried pepper on two patients, but both died within five minutes after; we concluded the Thomsonian system was not good for turkeys, and have not tried it since. By judicious crossing with other flocks, and the above treatment, our turkeys have remained healthy, have never had gapes or any other diseases. Even the last cold and wet spring an old Java hen raised us seventeen fine turkeys at a single brood, without the loss of one, but a turkey hen did better, and we think our flock for size, health and beauty will compare favorably at least with any other. We should be pleased to see a better. We are of the opinion that breeding-in-and-in is one great cause why some succeed no better in raising turkeys, no fowl, perhaps, suffers more from this practice than the turkey, and those who send them to others should send from different families to prevent the evil.—H. S. RAMSDELL. *correspondent Country Gentleman.*

Original Sketches.

For the Maine Farmer.

LETTER FROM PERCY CURTIS—No. 3.

Have you ever attempted a rapid walk up Washington street? Then you comprehend without being informed, the skill, patience and perseverance, which must be brought to bear upon this single effort, and the variety of sights and sounds which salute one's eyes and ears, in endeavoring to make this "progress," as it may be truly called.

One can scarcely be said to walk up or down this crowded thoroughfare, for occasionally he is forced to resign his will to the majority, which generally rules, and he finds himself borne whither he would not. The first serious obstacle to be encountered, usually, is the crowd collected around the store of Barnes & Co., who every day exhibit some new painting or engraving which attracts the attention of the passers-by; and it is not unworthy of notice, that in the motley group which surrounds this window, many of the roughest looking specimens of humanity give the most honest and pointed criticisms on the pictures placed on exhibition. *Etenim omnes artes, quae ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum*, &c., and the "common chain" which connects the fine arts, must be the inate love which every human being possesses for the beautiful, wherever it may be found.

Passing beyond the Barnes crowd, we reach the corner of Court street, where, as at the corner of nearly every cross street which leads from the more crowded portion of Washington street, we are effectually blockaded by the throng of pedestrians who await the passing of an apparently interminable line of carriages. This corner proves an unfavorable locality for the weight of husbands' purses, for while obliged to remain stationary for a few seconds at this point, the ladies cannot resist the opportunity of examining the attractive assortment of jewelry which is here exhibited; and we fear that on this spot the tenth commandment is very often broken.

In addition to the small crowds on the sidewalks, always to be found at well known localities, the cross streets which continually pour their living tide into the main thoroughfare, and the constant erection of new buildings, there is another hindrance to locomotion, which however laughable, is more important and effectual, than either of the above mentioned. This formidable hindrance, which is greatly increased by the present style of dress, is commonly called "ladies going a-shopping." Under this head are classed the greater portion of the female sex, who promenade this street, singly, or in small companies. It is by no means an unusual proceeding with these pedestrians, to form a barricade of three abreast, and shoulder to shoulder, disregarding mutual rights—to form a complete wall of separation, effectually dividing the hurrying, anxious throng in the rear, from those who are in advance. All other difficulties incident to Washington street travel may, by a moderate exercise of patience, be overcome; but the unlucky wight who encounters this gigantic evil, must endure it as philosophically as he may. The omnipresent policeman has power to remove any other vexation, but both his native politeness, and the undefined law of "woman's rights," forbid his interference with "going a-shopping." The only hope, therefore, that remains to the vexed, of politely overcoming this difficulty, is to wait until the entire cavalcade are attracted by some "love of a silk," at which sight they will draw *en masse* towards the magnet, and thus allow their hurrying and impatient followers an opportunity to proceed. "Crowds" and "corners" and "shopping" are merely the standing inconveniences of this narrow street. Allowance should be made for the number of accidental hindrances, which is by no means insignificant.

All along either side of Washington street, are scattered in the various stores, boys from our own State, who have come to Boston to make their fortunes. Occasionally we encounter the familiar faces of Augusta lads, and a few of these young men have confessed to us, that this making a fortune seems an easy task, when only talked of at home, in the sympathy, love and hope of the family circle, but that it is necessary to reach the city, and enter upon the actualities of life, in order to learn the difference between hope and fruition. The greater number of our Maine boys throw away the certainty of an honorable competency, which may be extracted from the abounding resources of their own State, for the meagre honor of existing upon a scanty salary in a large city. While there are necessarily more chances for employment in a city, there is more than a proportionably large number of aspirants for every office. The ruddy-faced, independent country boy comes to Boston armed with good health, good morals, and determined courage. Two years, in many instances, are all that are required to convert him into a pale-faced, plausible-mannered strippling, whose health fails for want of proper exercise, and whose morals lose their high tone for lack of the holy associations of home. His courage gradually diminishes in view of the fact that his daily employment consists in carrying out bundles, for which service he is rewarded by having his board paid at a sixth-class boarding house, and in being presented with an insufficient quantity of clothes. In the boarding establishment, he vainly recalls to mind his mother's bountifully spread table, and the home-like plenty which everywhere abounded under his father's roof. To return to his early friends, and confess the truth, would be a serious mortification to him, and the only consolation which remains, is the exhibition of city knowledge which he can make to his country friends, during his two weeks of yearly vacation.

It would be well if every country boy were to inquire of his much-envied city friend, at each yearly return visit, how much money the city youth has actually laid by, and what are his prospects for future advancement; and it may also be of some interest to the discontented lad who is doing well enough at home, to know that a smart, intelligent boy of fourteen or seventeen years of age, considers himself fortunate if he find a situation in the city, where, for unremitting daily toil, he receives fifty dollars the first year, seventy-five the second, and one hundred the third, &c. Out of this salary he *must board and clothe himself.* The great argument, that an honest, industrious boy may "rise" in a city store, is undeniable, but the question is, "how far is he up" after he has risen? There have been instances of boys in indigent circumstances who have become what are called merchant princes, as there have been boys in indigent circumstances who have become Presidents of the United States. The chances are equally in favor of both; but the generality of men who have "risen," occupy the situation of junior partner, or confidential clerk in a large wholesale house, where to the uninitiated they appear to reap a golden harvest from their labors. The reality is, that the most fortunate of them obtain a net income of two thousand or twenty-five hundred dollars, which the style of city living renders equivalent to five or seven hundred dollars in the country: Many of the men who seem to be largely engaged in profitable business, are required to strain every nerve, in order to come out square with the world on New Year's day, and some of them are never able to accomplish this feat. The profit of the concern, which female extravagance sometimes renders enormous, goes to the senior member of the firm. There are also in the city many honest, industrious, moral men, who are unable to marry, and obtain a home for themselves, because they cannot afford the extravagant style of living which city life seems to require. Many of our shrewdest and wealthiest men, after a fair trial, have eschewed the fluctuations of trade, and established themselves on productive farms, where their labors yield abundant returns. Fancy farming is extensively carried on in Massachusetts, and is found to be very profitable.

An unexpected pleasure fell to our lot a few days since, and recalls to us the strange thrill which passes through the frame, when at a distance from home one recognizes the countenance of an old friend, which suddenly appears like a shower in a season of drought, and delights stranger-accustomed eyes. Instantly the panorama of one's early home, passes rapidly before his mental vision. He sees his own house, the church which to his childish eyes appeared a miracle of architectural grandeur, within which are the seats of the "first families," which are, as Mrs. Stowe calls them, "substantial facts" in the House of God, and shine luminously within their respective orbits, there, as elsewhere. Also within the same building, he sees the more humble seats of the "blessed" poor, the choir whose frequent discords are kindly excused by the sympathizing congregation, and lastly the clergyman, who to the reverent gaze of at least one little worshipper, appeared the embodiment of all earthly wisdom and virtue. He remembers also the houses of his friends and neighbors—the principal streets of the town—the celebrities, in the shape of its great men, its marvelous old ladies, and its professional beggars, which latter class, no matter how frequently their wants are relieved, always remain in the same state of destitution. All the minute particulars concerning each individual and object, are thrown out in photographical clearness before him. He remembers the loose blind hanging upon one hinge from a neighbor's house, the fence that needed a new coat of paint, the cow that always chased all the children within sight, and the dog that made night hideous. All the most inelegant and minute particulars are recalled as distinctly by the sight of that one face, as if he had never left his native town.

If a few years have elapsed since his departure, he is first startled at the fact that "Time leaves his card with us each time he calls" by the reminder he sees in his friend's face, and begins to inquire with some secret misgivings, how many cards Father Time has left at his own door.

He forgets the hurry and bustle of his present life in his retrospective view, and as he eagerly scans the familiar countenance, he perceives that its owner is wearing out as gradually and almost as unconsciously as the clothes which cover his body.

All these, and numerous other reflections passed through our mind with the rapidity of a lightning flash a few days since as walking rapidly (as the circumstances would permit) down Washington street, on our way to the horse car, we suddenly encountered a well-known, Augusta face. This sight caused us to walk precipitately over a youthful vender of candy, who stood before us in an imploring attitude. We repaid the candy vender's damages, and then proceeded towards the owner of the face, who is a respectable middle-aged man, whose cheerful countenance may always be discerned on pleasant mornings, sunning itself against the outer wall of a certain store on Water street. We do not remember to have entertained any especial affection for this man during our residence in Augusta. We regarded him as an old established fact, whose existence could not be gainsayed or denied, but to whose daily appearance we had become so accus-

tomed, that like other constant blessings, we passed it by unnoticed.

How different our sensations, when, after an absence of four years, we met this man on Washington street. Under the influence of home recollections, we forgot reserve and propriety, and as before remarked, made a most ungraceful but perfectly heartfelt salute, by grasping his hand with a warmth, which, if it surprised him, he had the politeness to conceal his astonishment. May his shadow and that of every individual in the pleasant old town where he resides, never be less!

MAINE FARMER

AUGUSTA:

THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 29, 1859.

REMOVAL.

The office of the Maine Farmer is removed to the brick building at the left hand corner of the western entrance to the Kennebec Bridge.

GOOD-BYE TO DECEMBER.

"Old Mr. December" has given us a hard touch of winter this year. He didn't wait for the ground to freeze, nor the swamps to fill up with water, nor for Jack Frost to close up the bogs and mud-holes—but began to throw down the snow on to us with a prodigality that fairly astonished that venerable and ubiquitous old fellow.*"the oldest among us."* At present, if the foot-marks of our teamsters' goad-sticks can be relied upon, there are three feet of snow "in the woods." Twice, during the month, he has pushed the thermometer down to 17 degrees below zero. Step aside, Old Gentleman, if you please, and let us see what January will do for us.

THE COST OF KEEPING WARM.

"We are not so well off as the bears," said a neighbor to us the other day, as he was fretting about the high price of a load of wood which he was buying—"we are not so well off as the bears, for they are covered by nature, with a coat of warm fur, and don't have to go into the market and get shaved in the purchase of fuel to keep warm."

True, friend, but even with that advantage, they are glad to hide away in caves and dens in the earth a part of the winter. Would you like to den up like the bears for a good portion of your life, for the sake of having a bear's coat, and be saved the expense of buying fuel? He thought not; for he considered life full short enough as it was, and there wouldn't be any particular pleasure in snoozing and sucking one's paws in a den. "But it is terrible expensive keeping warm, any how," said he. We do not know that there is anything very terrible in this matter, but it is nevertheless no small tax to the people of the whole world to keep up a supply of fuel merely for the purpose of keeping warm—saying nothing of the supply needed for cooking and the purposes of the arts. We do not know as any very reliable data can be had by which even a loose approximation could be made of the expense thus incurred. In the northern sections the expense is, of course, greater than in southern. But then there seems to be a compensatory provision of nature by the greater supply of hard wood forests, and coal mines.

In our own State, a sort of guess can be made by supposing that there are—say 600,000 inhabitants. Group these into families of five persons each, and allow to each family an average amount of fuel, either of wood or coal, equivalent to 8 cords each. This will make, if we mistake not, 120,000 families, and 960,000 cords of wood. You may put this at what you please per cord, and then estimate the tax thus paid in Maine for keeping warm. If you put it on an average of $2,00 per cord, you will roll up the sum to $1,920,000, or very nearly two millions of dollars per annum, in one State alone.

The question naturally arises, shall we always have fuel enough to supply the wants of the people? We have hitherto, and the supply will undoubtedly be kept up, although wood has been in many parts of our State, and in many others, shamefully wasted. Forest trees, when allowed the chance, grow very fast with us, and the coal mines seem now to be inexhaustible, although an immensely increasing demand is made upon them. We have no statistics or estimates of the probable amount of coal now existing in the American continent. Some light on this subject may be obtained from some rough estimates of the amount of coal now existing in the coal fields of Europe. We have met, in one of our exchanges, an extract from a statistical work on coal by M. De Carnal, one of the greatest coal owners in Prussia. He states that the land from which it is, or may be procured, form an area of at least 8000 square miles, and that the mean depth of the coal over this immense area is about 31 feet.

"The coal beds of Liege extend to a depth of 55 feet; those of Ruhr to 134 feet; while those of Staffordshire, in England, are 151 feet in thickness. Hence M. De Carnal thinks that 31 feet is below the average depth. The coal dug in 1857 amounted to 125,000,000 tuns—a mass, which, piled up 6 feet high, would cover a geographical square mile; according to which calculation, there is coal enough left to serve at the present rate of consumption, for 36,000 years. This calculation is destined to afford comfort to those who are forever asking the question: what shall we do for fuel when the coal is all burned up?

It appears that 700,000 tuns of coal are consumed every year by the Atlantic steamers from English ports. In the manufacture of *salt* alone, in England, 950,000 tuns of coal are used every year. In the production of steam as a motor in Manchester and its environs, 30,000 tuns are consumed every day, or 9,500,000 a year; and the manufacture of gas for lighting the British Isles, absorbs annually 10,000,000 tuns. England exports only *six millions of tuns* a year, while her yield for 1858 was *sixty-five millions of tuns*.

If any one is curious to know how many cords of wood the above consumption of coal is equivalent to, he may calculate a ton of coal as equal to two cords of good hard wood, and he will come very near to it.

D. T. Whiting. The inhabitants of Winthrop and vicinity, have met with a severe social loss in the death of David T. Whiting, one of their most active and upright young citizens. Mr. Whiting, though a young man, had frequently been intrusted with many responsible offices, and at the time of his death was Collector of the town. He was very active in the agricultural and social improvements of the day, and never weary in promoting whatever was productive of good to his fellow men.

Portland Representative. On Thursday, at he special election for a representative in the place of N. J. Miller, Esq., resigned, Newell A. Foster, Esq., Republican, was chosen by a vote of 642, to 502 for L. Da M. Sweat, Democrat. The relative majority is about the same as in September.

Senator Douglas. This gentleman, it is said, is suffering from gout in the stomach, so that he is unable to travel, and so is obliged to postpone his contemplated journey South in search of health.

OUR CALORIC ENGINE.

We invite our friends, and all those who are interested in the progress of the mechanic arts, to call and see the "Ericcson's Caloric Engine" we have recently obtained and put to the work of operating the power-press on which our paper is printed. The *Farmer* is the first newspaper press in Maine to which this new power has been applied.

This engine, it is well known, is the invention of Capt. Ericcson, who, after experimenting for a quarter of a century and spending vast sums of money, finally succeeded in converting the expansion of air by heat into a motive power instead of steam, thus giving a new value to the atmosphere by making it in reality a servant for "doing human drudgery and saving the sinews, limbs and lives of the toiling millions." To a certain extent—say eight or ten horse-power—it is one of the safest, most easily managed, and most economical engines that can be used.

Ours is an 18-inch cylinder—rated at two horse-power. We have geered it so as to drive our large Adams Power Press at a speed of from 900 to 1100 impressions per hour. It does this at a cost for fuel of only 25 cents per day of 12 hours. Anybody who can build a fire, can put and keep it in operation; and its motion is steady and uniform. Thus far its work has been perfectly satisfactory.

The engine was manufactured by the Massachusetts Caloric Engine Company, South Groton, Mass., and cost $550 delivered in Boston.

We consider it one of the greatest gifts that science has ever made to the arts of life, practically adding a new and powerful sinew to the hand of productive industry.

Wanderings of the "Wanderer." We reduce from the Boston *Journal* a singular piece of history in respect to this vessel whose career in the slave trade has heretofore excited considerable interest. It will be remembered that she left the port of Savannah last October, in defiance of the revenue authorities at that port, and escaped to sea.

On the 20th October, at 9 P. M. Lincoln Patten, under the assumed name of David Martin, first having succeeded in getting on board the schooner about fifteen men to assist him in getting stores and provisions, came himself, accompanied by Edward Talbot and Captain T. Black, shipping agent for the vessel, and drawing a revolver, swore he would shoot the first man who refused his assistance in getting the vessel to sea. He loaded both cannon with grape shot, armed his crew, and made every preparation to fire into and resist the United States revenue cutter, if she interfered in his progress down the river.

He compelled Edward Talbot to pilot her down in doing which she was twice run ashore and remained immovable for five hours. Having supplied the crew copiously with liquor, he made sail and proceeded to sea, carrying most of the men away contrary to their wishes. Mr. Talbot and Capt. Black he sent back.

Capt. Patten, calling all hands on the quarter deck, declared the vessel to be without papers, the collector refusing a clearance. He declared his intention to proceed to the coast of Africa for a cargo of seven hundred negroes, and from thence to Cardenas to dispose of them at the rate of $650 each. He stated he was well acquainted with the trade, having already landed several cargoes in the barque Niagara, Ocean Tyrant, brig Frances Ellen, and several other vessels.

In the hurry of leaving Savannah he took neither chronometer, charts, nor nautical almanac and was compelled to go entirely by the reckoning.

He then proceeded on his way, giving chase to several vessels, boarding one and getting a chart, bringing another one to, with his guns, and exchanging longitudes, chasing another like a veritable pirate, but it escaped him. On the 5th Nov., he made the Island of Flores and got certain supplies, but left suddenly without paying for them, and took away two women and three men against their will. He made no secret of his intention to dispose of the women on the coast to the highest bidder, declaring they would exchange for at least eighty Africans.

On the 23d of November he spoke the barque Clara of Bordeaux, but she refused supplies, when the captain bore away for two other barques, and at 4 o'clock spoke the barque Jenny of Marseilles, which agreed to the captain's demand. Patten launched a boat, and taking four men, boarded the vessel. This was his last mistake. The "Wanderer" was now in hands that did not wish to go to Africa, and her sail was immediately set eastward with determination to give the vessel up to the laws of the United States. The vessel arrived in Boston on Saturday last in charge of the sailing master, Mr. Henry Welton of British North America. She is now in the hands of Collector Austin, and will probably be handed over to the United States authorities.

Small Pox. The *Gazette* states that this disease is now prevalent in Rockland, having been first communicated in most or all instances by persons coming from Boston. At Vinalhaven, where the disease is still prevalent, more than forty cases of small pox and varioloid have occurred, we are told, but only two deaths have yet ensued. At Owl's Head there have also been one or two cases. In Rockland there have been a few cases, probably not less than six, and perhaps a few more. The most of these have been varioloid.

Another account reports forty-three cases of small pox in North Haven, and two deaths. We suppose they are the same cases mentioned by the *Gazette* as have occurred in Vinalhaven.

Underground Tactics. An amusing account of the mode adopted by a western politician to get into the Legislature, is published in the Wisconsin papers. An owner of a lead mine at Shullsbury, on election day, hired fifty-three men of opposite politics to work in his mine. After he got them all far below the surface of the earth, the ladder was drawn up to have some *new rounds* put in it, and he neglected to return it till the polls were closed, which resulted in his election by fifty-two majority.

Ambrotypes and Photographs. Our old acquaintance Howe, whose success and popularity as an artist formerly made his "institution" on Water street the resort of all who wanted a good picture for themselves or friends, we are glad to see, after an interregnum of several months, has re-located himself in Augusta, at the rooms opposite the foot of Oak St. He is prepared to supply any description of picture in the line of his profession in a style that will be satisfactory to all who may patronize him. Call and examine his specimens.

☞ See Ballard & Hapgood's advertisement of stoves, tin ware &c. These young men by their enterprise, skill and industry are establishing for themselves a flourishing business. May they long continue to deserve it.

☞ The New York *Post* states that Jackson, the sculptor, is moulding a most beautiful bust of Washington Irving. It is to be published in a statuette form. Mr. Jackson is a native of Maine.

☞ Accounts from Washington state that the Senate Committee on the John Brown raid are busy obtaining witnesses and otherwise prosecuting their investigation.

Augusta Bank vs. City of Augusta. A case of considerable importance was before the Supreme Judicial Court, now in session in this city, during the last week. The parties litigant are the Augusta Bank *vs.* the City of Augusta. The action was based upon coupons of the scrip which the city had loaned to the Kennebec & Portland Railroad Company. These coupons to the amount of some $4000, had been taken up by the bank during the years 1854 and 1855, as presented by parties holding the same. The answer of the city we understand to be, that the coupons were actually taken up and paid by the bank on account of the K. & P. R. R. or its officers, and are therefore invalid; and if this were not so, the action was improperly brought in the name of the bank. There were also many other questions raised and discussed on the trial, touching the regularity of the proceedings of the city and of the railroad company in issuing the scrip. After the plaintiffs had rested their case, the court intimating an opinion that the case could not be maintained in the name of the bank, a nonsuit was entered, and the case reported to the full court, with the agreement that if the full court were of the opinion that the action could be maintained by the plaintiffs against the objections raised by the defendants, the nonsuit should be taken off and the case be sent to a jury; otherwise nonsuit to stand.

Rev. Mr. Bartlett. At a meeting of the Parish of Christ Church, (Unitarian,) to take into consideration the resignation of Rev. G. W. Bartlett, their pastor, and after the acceptance of his resignation, the following preamble and resolution were offered by Hon. R. H. Vose, seconded by Hon. J. H. Williams, and unanimously adopted by the Parish:

Whereas, The members of Christ Church have been notified of the resignation of its pastor, the Rev. George W. Bartlett, and consequently of the dissolution of that connection, which, though short, has so pleasantly existed between them,

Therefore Resolved, As the unanimous sentiment of this society, that while we regret the sundering of those relations that have hitherto existed between us, we entertain for the Rev. George W. Bartlett the highest considerations of personal respect and deserved esteem—that we regard him as possessed of a high order of talent, of genuine piety, and a true devotional spirit, and wherever he may reside, we would assure him of our unabated confidence in his purity of character, integrity of purpose, in his honesty and sincerity, and above all, in that manly independence and generous liberality, that readily accords to others what it claims for itself; and entertaining such sentiments, we would follow him with our best wishes and our prayers for his future health and happiness.

Voted, That the above preamble and resolution be entered upon the records of this Society, and a copy thereof properly attested, be presented by the Clerk to the Rev. George W. Bartlett.

An Exodus. Two or three hundred medical students last week withdrew in a body from the Philadelphia colleges, in accordance, we suppose, with the "non-intercourse" teachings of certain Southern journals. Perhaps the young gentlemen were also stimulated to the movement by the fact that several of their number were arrested by the Mayor of Philadelphia for being concerned in an attempt to break up a "John Brown" meeting held in the city a few evenings previous, which attempt was promptly suppressed by the Mayor and his police.

Before leaving, the students held a meeting, when the following document was read to them:

"A telegraphic dispatch from Governor Wise, stating that the citizens of Richmond would receive with open arms the students who had determined on leaving the colleges in this city, to matriculate in their colleges. One from the President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, tendering free passes to all those who desired to go South. One informing the students that they would be received at Richmond with military honors. Two dispatches, stating that two drafts for $500 each would be forwarded for the purpose of defraying incidental expenses. Also, letters from the faculties of the colleges in Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia, setting forth that they would be welcomed to the colleges in a handsome manner."

On the 22d, the students reached Richmond, and were received by the faculty and students of the Medical College, the Governor's Guard, and an immense throng of citizens. The procession marched to the Governor's mansion, where an address was delivered by Gov. Wise. It thence proceeded to the College, where Prof. Gibson made a speech. Dinner was partaken of at Columbian Hotel. There was great enthusiasm and waving of handkerchiefs along the route.

Massachusetts Lands in Maine. A committee of the Massachusetts legislature last week made a report dissenting from the proposition of a legislative committee of the prior session, to commute the sum due from Messrs. Clark & McCrillis. They think the notes of these parties and bond given to enable them to cut timber in 1856–7, ought to be collected by the Treasurer, the amount paid for land not being above its real value. They also recommend a repeal of the resolve directing the Land Agent to advertise a list of lands on which payments are due, directing how they shall be forfeited in case of non-payment, authorizing part-owners, in case of non-payment by other part-owners, to pay the whole and receive a deed, and authorizing the Land Agent, under the direction of the Governor and Council, to effect settlements. They also recommend the appointment of a Commissioner to be chosen by the next legislature, to take charge of the State's interest in the lands, with authority to appoint an agent to reside in the vicinity of the lands, and oversee the cutting of timber, &c.

Treaty with Mexico. A treaty with the "constitutional" government of Mexico, headed by Juarez, has been ratified. It gives the United States a perpetual right of way across the Isthmus of Tehauntepec, from Rio Grande to Mazatlan and from Guaymas to Arizona, with warehouses at the termini of each transit, all goods between the Atlantic and Pacific States to pass duty free. It was ratified on the 14th. In compensation for the release of duties on passing transits to the United States, the United States are to pay $4.000,000; $2,000,000 of which are to be received in payment of claims. The Boston *Journal* adds: "The last we heard from Mexico was to the effect that half of the Liberal army of Degollado and all his artillery had been lost in an engagement with Miramon, who now had the road to Tampico open before him. There is no acknowledged government in Mexico, but it is safe to say that that of Juarez has, at the present time, far less power than that of Miramon."

Chilled to Death. A correspondent of the Belfast *Free Press*, writes that Miller Titus, son of Weston Titus of Union, aged nineteen years, came to his death in the following manner, as described in a letter which his father received last week. The young man and several others left Union a few weeks ago for the Penobscot on a hunting excursion. While engaged in hunting, one of the party wounded a moose, and young Titus left his companions and followed him. After he had been gone several hours his comrades became alarmed on account of his failure to return, and started in pursuit of him. They traveled in the direction which they conjectured, about twenty miles, and upon returning, at the expiration of the second day, they found his lifeless body within two miles of the camp, where, as they supposed, he sat down to rest, fell asleep and chilled to death. He was a young man of good habits, whose death is greatly regretted.

For the Maine Farmer.

WAYSIDE NOTES OF TRAVEL.—NO. 23.

Bradford, Dec. 10th, 1859.

Newspapers.—I broke off the thread of my discourse on newspapers in the last *Farmer*, by the remark, that probably the newspapers circulated in Maine cost annually, at least, $250,000. This large sum is, or should be, paid by the consumers, the readers.

The way that men pay for their newspapers is indicative of their religious characters. There is no better index of a man's fitness or unfitness for christian communion and fellowship, than the books of the office from whence he receives his newspapers. Newspapers are, to most persons, like the bounties of Heaven; they come, as it were unasked for from some invisible source. Regularly and periodically, the beautiful and welcome sheet is found at the Post Office, or at our doors, just as showers and sunshine, balmy and health-giving breezes, beautiful mornings and delightful evenings, visit the earth. No visible giver of these choicest of blessings accompanies them. An unseen power scatters these, and thousands of other blessings around, in thick profusion, and the world enjoys them, not unfrequently without even asking or thinking from whom these blessings come. But some men there are, whose hearts are continually filled with gratitude, thanksgiving and praise, to the great Giver of all. From the deep fountains of their hearts, there wells up a continual stream of piety and devotion, in return for the bounties they receive. They are religious as it were by instinct; it is the spontaneous emotion of their bosoms; they worship God because they love his service, without any reference whatever to personal results. This class of men pay for their newspapers before they are asked. They pay *in advance*. They do this, because they are sensible of the worthiness of those who weekly or daily visit them by proxy, in the form of printed sheets, and they delight to do a good deed in return. They *love* to pay, not exactly because they owe, or because they expect any personal benefit in return, but because they *love* to do right. To do just right is the greatest pleasure of their lives. Such christians will have arm chairs, and cushioned seats in heaven.

Another class of christians are aware that they are surrounded by innumerable blessings bestowed by an unseen hand, and hence it is but *just* that they should praise and serve God in return. If he had not first loved them, they would never have thought of loving him. Their religion is wholly commercial. It is so many dollars for so much merchandize received. This class pay for their papers as a matter of justice. They never pay until the end of the year, because they do not owe until they have received the full amount of the debt. If asked to pay before the close of the year, even although it may be only one week, they expect a discount from the usual price. These christians will have an old-fashioned dining-chair in heaven, with a hard, wooden seat.

The next class of christians serve God because his *law requires* such service. They scarcely are aware that he ever bestowed a blessing on them all their lives long. But some how or other they have found out that he has made a *law* which *commands* obedience, and so they obey. They are the *legal* servants of God. The christians who abide by the *letter* of the law. These men pay for their papers because the law requires them to do so. Although nothing is said about appealing to law, they are constantly in fear of it with its train of costs, and hence pay not unfrequently quite promptly, and get the credit of being *honest*, when in fact they are only *fearful*. These christians will no doubt have a seat in heaven, but how good it will be is very uncertain, probably a stool.

Another very large class of christians are those who serve God because they fear the devil. The maledictions of an angry God must be poured out upon them from Sabbath to Sabbath by the preacher, to keep them any thing like decent. If it were not for the terrors of endless woe, they would never obey any law, human or divine. This class of men never pay for their papers, until they are *threatened* with a writ, an officer, and a bill of costs. It is not enough for them, as with the "legal christians," that a law to make them pay is on the statute book, but they must be *told* of it, and threatened with its application, which has a surprising potency in producing payment, and when they finally hand over the rhino, they not unfrequently have some words of self-praise for promptness in paying for their papers. Whether these people will ever go to heaven is very uncertain. The most encouragement I can give them, is the language of the judge when he sentences the criminal to be hung: "*May the Lord have mercy on their souls.*"

The next class of persons are those whom neither the love and goodness of God, nor the demands of justice, nor the requirements of his law, nor the fear of punishment, has any restraint whatever upon them,—who make, perhaps, a profession of godliness, but have none of its power. These persons *never* pay for their papers. They take every one that is offered, never paying for any. You may urge all the inducements that the most eloquent preacher ever urged upon sinners to induce repentance, and all to no purpose; pay they wont. An appeal to their generosity, to their justice, to their fears, legal arguments, allusions to writs, executions, and bills of costs, are all lost; and the only remedy is to draw ——— over their names upon the direction book. An invocation for mercy on the souls of these men is useless, for they have no *souls*.

There is a very numerous class of christian professors, and specimens may be found in all the above mentioned, except, perhaps, the last, who may be called periodical christians. They have seasons when they are burning and shining lights in the sanctuary, and then seasons, as long or longer, when they are icebergs floating at random in an arctic ocean. They pay for their papers when the fit is *on* them, and when it is *off* they let it go. Sometimes they pay every year, and then they don't pay for ten years. Sometimes they are very saving, then very just. Sometimes very legal, and then very fearful. All of these phases in christian experience are more or less exemplified in the character of some newspaper patrons.

I have endeavored to run a parallel between the christian world, and newspaper readers, and show the similarity which exists between the two. There is, however, a dissimilarity between christians of all classes, and *some* newspaper patrons. There are the honest, but unfortunate persons, who, by reason of accidents, sickness, or other providences, *cannot* pay for their papers. No one is so unfortunate that he cannot be a good man, a christian; but many are so unfortunate that they cannot pay. So far as my acquaintance extends with newspaper publishers, I have never met with one who is not willing, when this is really the case, to frankly forgive the debt.

There are, in the world, a great many men who steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in; they are the hypocrites, who make profession of religion when they know they have none of its power; the men who are always saying canting, pious words, assuming sanctified airs, to cover up a wicked and corrupt heart and life. These find a counterpart among newspaper subscribers, in those who order a paper, and are "a little short now, but will pay next week." From those who are never ready to pay *now* but will send it by the next mail, and will make this promise ten times in a year, and falsify it as often—from all such scamps, deliver me. S.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Hester, *the Bride of the Islands*: A Poem. By Sylvester B. Beckett. Portland: Bailey Noyes.

The fact that a good thing, in art or literature, is "home made," adds considerably to its valuation, with us Maine people, who are ordinarily obliged to send our poets, sculptors, painters, and such like, away to great cities to make their reputations, and to content ourselves with the display of what remains in the evidences of practical genius furnished forth by agricultural and mechanic art. It may, however, occur to thoughtful men, that a State which has done its share towards illustrating the genius of New England in foreign parts, has a reserve of capability for occasion. To justify this suggestion, we are quite willing to point to this new issue of the Portland press, and to say, it is worthy to crowd aside many a tolerable work of greater pretension which essays to take rank among standard literature The poem embraces a thrilling story, located where probably much of the book was written, in that

—"broad and sheltered Bay,
Begemmed with islands, green retreats
That 'neath the deep-skied summer day,
Gleam o'er the wave with lone array
Of towering forests, rocky steeps,
Green dunes and dells, and glimmery sweeps
Of sand beach—grooved with cove and creek
Where weary fisherman may seek
For shelter from the storm; hence sprung
The name of Casco which it bears,
Importing in the Indian tongue
A resting place from toils and cares!"

The story has an episode introducing much oriental scenery, character, custom and incident, which are skillfully handled. The descriptions of native scenery are from the observations of an eye well trained; the song flows artlessly and freely as the waters of spring brooks; throughout there is the utmost freedom from affectation—all is simply and earnestly told, as of a man who has something to say, and uses little of the pronoun I in saying it. We hope the book will be appreciated, and have an extensive sale.

The Atlantic Monthly for January, is a capital number, containing fifteen articles besides Reviews and Literary Notices, and a list of recent American publications. The titles of the articles are: Our Artists in Italy; The Amber Gods; Song of Nature; Nemophily; Substance and Show; Through the Fields to St. Peter's; The Experience of Samuel Absalom; Fillibuster; Roba di Roma; Abdel-Hassan; About Spires; The Professor's Story; Andenken; Central British America; Art.

The story of the Professor promises to be as entertaining and as rich in its "no small amount of reflections introduced, and conversations reported," as were the records of the Breakfast Table. "Abdel-Hassan," an eastern poem, is good enough to have been written by Longfellow. Ticknor & Fields will amply sustain the high character of the "Atlantic Monthly."

Blackwood's Magazine for December, reprinted by Leonard Scott & Co., New York, has the following table of contents: The Fight on the Peiho; Love's Young Dream—nowadays; Another Pleasant French Book; Popular Literature—Prize Essays; Motley's Dutch Republic; The National Gallery; The Luck of Ladysmede—Part X; The Emperor and the Empire; Fleets and Navies—England—Part III.

New volumes of Blackwood, and of the four Reviews also reprinted by the same publishers, will commence in January, and affords a favorable time for subscribing.

For the Maine Farmer.

ROUND HILL WATER CURE.

This large and beautiful establishment is at Northampton, Mass., and under the care and management of Dr. H. Halsted, a man of large experience, and thoroughly qualified for the important place he occupies. His method of cure is not wholly confined to water treatment, medicine being very cautiously and sparingly administered when deemed necessary.

Cupping, galvanism, warm, tepid, cold and electro-chemical baths are combined and form a very essential part of his course of treatment of disease, which has been marked with great success.

A few weeks stay at this delightful place, with an opportunity of learning many cases of improvement and cure, and from those experiencing it, together with the writer's observation, has satisfied him that many poor sufferers might find relief, could they go and place themselves under the care of a person of his talent and experience, and entitled to confidence in not flattering or holding out encouragement of cure for the sake of business.

By request, Dr. Halsted gave encouragement of visiting Augusta during the sitting of the approaching Legislature, and of delivering a lecture upon diseases and the methods of cure. Should he conclude to do so, timely notice will be given, which will afford those wishing to consult him an opportunity, although his stay will be necessarily very brief. Water Cure Patient.

☞ Quicksands have been discovered on Staten Island. Railroad building there has been retarded by a quicksand morass, which absorbs the cart loads of dirt as fast as they are emptied upon it. The discovery is not without precedent. On the line of railway between Liverpool and London similar quicksands occur. When the road was first built the contractors were thunder-struck at the steady subsidence of the track, upon which they had vainly dumped thousands of cart loads of earth. With dogged perseverance, however, they went on carting earth to the spot, and after a time the ground ceased to sink. They had found bottom—at a depth, it is said, something less than a mile. The spot on Staten Island is so spongy in its nature that while the track sinks a few inches daily, some meadows adjacent have been raised several feet.—*Post.*

A similar "bottomless pit" was found several years ago in constructing a road in Longwood, Brookline. After two or three embankments had settled down out of sight, the expedient was adopted of laying down trees for a foundation, and dumping the gravel upon them. The expedient was successful, and the road is stable to this day. —*Boston Journal.*

When the work of building the Kennebec & Portland Railroad out of Bath was proceeding across a meadow, a similar trouble was experienced, we are told. The first week's dumping entirely disappeared, and the second was like unto it; but those who had the work in charge kept on "doing just so," till at last the greedy subterranean maw was satisfied, and the iron horse was allowed to have free course.

☞ The National Republican Committee assembled in New York last week. It was composed of delegates from the free States, and from Missouri, Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. It was agreed that the next national convention should be held in Chicago on Wednesday, the 13th of June next.

Maine Female Seminary. The fall session of this institution, located at Gorham and under the care of E. P. Weston, Esq. closed with an examination last week, which is highly spoken of by a correspondent of the Portland *Advertiser*.

New Counterfeits. Look out for counterfeit bills on the Conway Bank, Conway, Mass. Several of these counterfeits have been passed in Portland.

City Bonds. Augusta Sixes, (1870) sold last week in Boston for 99¼, Gardiner 98, and Bangor 100.

Coal Oil. The discoveries of coal oil in Pennsylvania are thus noticed by a correspondent of the Boston *Journal*.

The people of Western Pennsylvania, as you already know, have just made the exciting discovery that they are walking over streams or lakes of *coal oil*, richer in wealth than the best gold mines of California. From intelligent persons on the spot, who are *magna pars* of the whole matter, and from personal knowledge, I have gathered the following *reliable facts:*

There is subterranean coal oil in Crawford and Venango counties, Pa., in very large, if not exhaustless quantities. When rectified, it is a pure translucent article, a clear strong burner, wholly unexplosive, does not congeal in the least at 18 or 20 degrees below zero, is, of course, the best known oil for light houses, ships, &c, and is the most perfect lubricator of machinery, as it does not gum or thicken like other oils. The discovery is confined to the banks of Oil Creek. This is a stream of some size, which issues from a small lake in the north western part of Pennsylvania, runs south southeast, through parts of Crawford and Venango counties and empties into the Alleghany river about 75 miles above Pittsburgh. On this stream, about 14 miles above its junction with the Alleghany, stands the village of *Titusville*, the chief seat of the oil discoveries and operations.

From the most ancient times it has been well known that there was more or less petrolium oil in the bottom and border lands of this creek. It floats on the surface of the stream, and was collected by the Indians and poor people for lights. In places, it drips out of the rock banks in a very pure state, and hence is called rock oil. Hundreds of large and deep pits are still traceable, though trees growing on the earth thrown up in the digging are from 200 to 250 years old. The petrolium still oozes largely into pits of any depth, dug in the bottom and border lands of the creek.

The discovery came in this way. The lands on Oil Creek are chiefly owned by a company who manufacture lumber at Titusville. One of the partners gave some attention to the oil matter; a company was formed in New York called "The Pennsylvania Rock-Oil Company." They bought a piece of land near Titusville to work for oil. Some of the pit-petrolium was analyzed by Prof Silliman of Yale College, who found in it 80 per cent. of a pure coal oil. This company went through changes, nothing was done to work for oil, and finally most of the stock fell into the hands of a man residing in New Haven, Conn.

In 1858 a Mr. Drake took a lease of the New Haven Company for working their oil lands at Titusville, as he pleased, and at his own expense, for fifteen years, only giving to them 12½ cents for every gallon of oil obtained.

Under this lease, in May last, Mr. Drake commenced sinking an artesian well for salt, oil, or anything which might turn up. Boring through forty-seven feet of gravel and twenty-two of shale rock with occasional small apertures in it, he struck, in August, a large opening, not yet explored as to the depth, or area, but filled with *coal oil*, somewhat mixed with both water and gas. A small pump on hand brought up from 400 to 500 gallons of oil a day; an explosion soon blew it up. One of three times its size and power was put in its place, and during the first *four days* threw up 5000 gallons of oil, 1250 gallons per day, or *one gallon* per minute for twenty hours fifty minutes each day. The oil as raised was worth 80 cents a gallon, which produced the large income of $1000 per day for four successive days, and so the matter goes on, yielding about *one gallon per minute* during working time.

Of course there was no small stir. A hundred strangers daily arrived at Titusville to see, to wonder, to buy oil lands. Half, third, quarter rights in land, enough to sink an artesian well with real estate generally, rose to very high figures. Many poor people, owning a little land, became suddenly rich. The New Haven swamp lands, formerly regarded worthless, sold for taxes, then for a cow, were now marked $100,000 per acre.

The oil in Mr. Drake's well is undiminished by any amount of pumping. Capitalists are on the alert. Ten companies are already boring; twenty-five more are making haste to begin. A large company called the "*Consolidated Rock Oil Company*," with a capital of $1,000,000, has been formed in New York to buy and work the oil lands.

This matter presents some deep questions for the historian, the geologist, and the merchant.

1. What race of men dug those oil pits more than 200 to 250 years ago?

2. Where are the immense *Coal Beds* from which this oil flows? Are they *above* or *below* the level of the oil?

3. What effect is all this to have on the whaling interest, and on all those branches of industry which now supply the burning and lubricating oils?

Androscoggin Railroad. The *Chronicle* makes the following mention of the annual meeting of the Stockholders of this road, held at Farmington Dec. 20:

There was a full attendance of the Stockholders. After the Annual Report, a searching inquiry into the details of the affairs of the Company, was made by the Hon. R. Goodenow and others, which was fully answered by President Jones and others of the Officers of the Company, which occupied the time until the adjournment for dinner. On reassembling in the afternoon the Board of Directors were elected with entire unanimity, the same as last year, viz—Jones, Otis, Smith, Lane, Reed and Millett. The Stockholders voted unanimously to seek a new outlet for their road. During the pendency of this vote some severe remarks and speeches were indulged in by the Stockholders, in reviewing the frequent interruptions of the travel and business, and the unreasonable exactions by the A. & K. R. R. Co.

The ill health of the Treasurer, Mr. Tyler, delayed the Treasurer's Report, which was read by J. A. Linscott, Esq. The organization of the Board was completed by the election of J. B. Jones as President, and Ozias Millett, Clerk.

On account of continued ill health, Mr. Tyler has resigned his office as Treasurer, and Mr. Linscott, it is supposed, will take his place.

Institution for the Blind. The *Times* states that "an institution for the blind, on a small scale, has been opened in Bangor, on the Levant Road, Thomas' Hill. It is said that there is a large number of blind children in this State, and that some $4000 are paid annually to the Massachusetts Asylum for tuition of blind pupils from Maine. It is thought this matter can be much more economically managed at home, and that with the proper aid from the Legislature and individual assistance, a State Institution for the blind may be established in that city."

No Pay. By the law of 1818, members of the U. S. House of Representatives can get no pay until the amounts due shall be certified by the Speaker. This puts non-organizing gentlemen into a tight place. A better law would be that which should deprive them of pay for every day lost in organizing.

Ink. The best writing ink we can find just now, is labelled "Fine Black Ink, made by M. Judkins, Augusta, Maine." It is real *ink*, which allows the pen to run its "forward race" with uninterrupted speed, while it leaves a trail which makes no unnecesary tax upon the weary eye that follows after.

☞ The Gardiner *Home Journal* reports that Mr. John Morgan, a prominent and hitherto highly respected log driver of that town, has decamped with funds which belong to his creditors. It is supposed he has gone to California.

Death of De Quincey. Thomas De Quincey, the "opium eater," one of the most gifted of modern authors, died at Edinburgh, Dec. 8, having considerably passed the term of three score years and ten.

☞ The publisher of the *Constitution* newspaper has been nominated in democratic Senatorial caucus as candidate for printer to that body, by a vote of 20 to 5.

☞ Hon. Linn Boyd, formerly speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives, died at his residence in Kentucky, on Sunday, Dec. 18.

☞ In the case of W. H. Gibson, late treasurer of the State of Ohio, the jury on the 2d of Dec. brought in a verdict of guilty of defalcation.

DOMESTIC SUMMARY.

—The *Argus* states that Mr. Benj W. Jones of that city, recently overhauled a drawer of old papers in his store, which he had not disturbed before for years. In this drawer he found a mouse's nest, composed of small bits of paper, interminglied with which were three, five and ten cent pieces, to the amount of $20,00, which the rogues had, from time to time, stolen from the money drawer to adorn their nest.

—The Anson *Advocate* of Dec. 21, states that an Irishman by the name of Holland, was found frozen to death on the Canada road about a mile above Mr. Newton's, in the Jackman plantation on Thursday week. He was going into the woods but remained at Newton's while the rest of the crew went on. He afterwards started on alone and was found as above. A jug was found in the road near by.

—Wm. Carr, a native of Michigan, and having no friends, found himself without lodgings in Belfast, on the cold night of Dec. 15, and wandered about the streets until a late hour, when Mr. W. K. Harriman admitted him to his house. Carr's feet and hands were severely frozen, and it is probable he will lose portions of them. He is now at the alms house. So says the *Republican Journal*.

—The *Argus* says that such has been the rush of freight over the Grand Trunk Railway for the past week, for Boston, that it has obliged the Portland & Boston Steam Packet Co. to put on a third boat. The Montreal has, therefore, been withdrawn from her winter moorings, and, under the command of Capt. Liscomb, will be added to the line.

—Augustus D. Boa, of Saco, one day last week attempted to get upon the train for Saco, after it had started, when his foot slipped, and he was thrown down and dragged for a considerable distance His clothes were badly torn, and his head, side, and leg quite severely injured. His injuries are quite severe, but are believed not to be dangerous.

—Sch. Josiah Hathorn (of Bangor) Veasey, from Philadelphia for Salem, got ashore in the gale of the 17th inst., on Squan beach, 12 miles south of Squan, is a total wreck, the crew barely escaping with their lives, losing all their clothing &c.

—Irving Reed, of Woolwich, 21 years old, was drowned last week at Simonton's Cove, near Portland, by the sinking of a scow. He was in the cabin. Captain Hunnewell, who owned the scow, came near being also drowned.

—On Tuesday, 20th, an Irishman, named Mark Malloy, at work near the Goodwin Mill, in Brewer, now undergoing repairs, was struck by a timber in the back of the neck, and so severely injured that he died on Wednesday.

—Bark Mallie Metcalf, Capt. Snow, from Liverpool, Aug. 23d, arrived at Bucksport Dec 22. She was out four months, (having put in at Fayal for provisions) and apprehensions were entertained for her safety.

—On the 18th inst., Mr. Charles Abbot of Fairfield, was instantly killed by the falling of a tree, while engaged in lumbering for Norcross, Saunders & Co., at Woodstock, N. B.

—Capt Jonathan Rowell, a native of Madison, was drowned by an accident which happened to some canal boats being towed from Baltimore to Havre de Grace, on the 25th ult.

—Samuel Hayward, of Wesley, while engaged in chopping down a tree on Township No. 30, was very seriously injured by a limb falling on his head and face.

—Ship Eloise, (of Warren,)

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

XXXVIth CONGRESS--First Session.

MONDAY, Dec. 19.

SENATE. Mr. Fitzpatrick was chosen President *pro tem.*

Mr. Pugh of Ohio, democrat, defended Mr. Douglas and his doctrines, and claimed that those doctrines were in accordance with the democratic platform. He quoted largely from Southern journals of a few years ago, to sustain his positions. An attempt is now made, contrary to the opinions formerly entertained by the legislatures of the Southern States, to break through the principle of the compromise of 1850, and break through the covenant of the Kansas bill, and on that text to preach sermons on the soundness or unsoundness of the Northern democrats. If Mr. Douglas ought to be expelled from his position as Chairman of the Committee on Territories for his opinions, ninety-nine hundredths of the Northern democracy should be thrown out of fellowship for the same reason.

Mr. Gwin of California, and Mr. Lane of Oregon, spoke in opposition to the views of Mr. Pugh—Mr. Lane contending that the people of a territory could not adopt antifriendly legislation by which the right to hold slaves could be practically annulled.

Mr. Brown of Missouri, protested against the assumption upon which Mr. Pugh's resolution was based, that there are no laws in New Mexico, establishing slavery. Slavery went there under the Constitution, as horses, dry goods, or any other property went, and the legislature, under a solemn duty, made laws protecting it. Those laws did not establish it there.

HOUSE. Two ballotings for Speaker resulted in no choice. Adjourned.

TUESDAY Dec. 20.

SENATE. Mr. Harlan of Iowa, moved to amend Mr. Pugh's resolution, by adding that the Committee on Territories be also instructed to inquire into the propriety of authorizing the people of New Mexico and Utah to elect all their territorial officers, executive, legislative and judicial, in such manner as the legislatures thereof shall prescribe.

The subject was postponed.

HOUSE. Mr. Hickman of Pennsylvania, made an ineffectual appeal to act on his resolution proposing the adoption of the plurality rule.

Mr. Holman of Ind., dem., was of the number who held that Congress had no jurisdiction, under any circumstances whatever, over slavery in the territories.

Mr. Clemens of Va., dem., said he had a right to know the policy of the Republicans. The position of a portion of the South was that slavery by the Constitution, goes into the territories, and when there that it is the duty of Congress to protect it by direct legislation. But this was as unsupported by the Constitution as the other doctrine held by the Republicans, namely, that Congress possesses the power to exclude slavery from all the territories.

The House voted three times for Speaker, as follows:

1st ballot. Whole number of votes, 228; necessary to a choice, 115; Sherman had 111; McClernand, 21; Botcler, 33; Barksdale, 15; scattering, 35.

Second ballot. Whole number, 226; necessary to a choice, 114; Sherman had 110; Botcler, 43; McClernand, 25; Barksdale, 10; scattering, 24.

Third ballot. Whole number, 223; necessary to a choice, 112; Sherman had 103; Botcler, 38; McClernand, 28; scattering, 48. Adjourned.

WEDNESDAY. Dec. 21.

SENATE. Mr. Iverson of Ga., gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill amending the act establishing the Court of Claims, and also a bill for changing and regulating the mode of appointing Cadets to the West Point Military Academy.

Mr. Bright submitted a resolution for the appointment of the Standing Committees, which was carried by yeas 31, nays 13; a strict party vote, with the exception of Mr. Pugh, who voted nay.

The following are the committees as adopted:

On Foreign Relations. Messrs. Mason, Douglas, Slidell, Pugh, Crittenden, Seward, and Sumner.

On Finance. Hunter, Pearce, Gwin, Bright, Hammond, Fessenden, and Cameron.

On Commerce. Clay, Bigler, Toombs, Clingman, Salisbury, Hamlin, and Chandler.

On Military Affairs. Davis, Fitzpatrick, Johnson of Arkansas, Chestnut, Lane, Wilson, and King.

On Naval Affairs. Mallory, Thompson, Slidell, Hammond, Nicholson, Hale, and Anthony.

On Judiciary. Bayard, Pugh, Benjamin, Green, Powell, Trumbull, and Foster.

On Post Office. Yulee, Gwin, Rice, Bright, Wigfall, Hale, and Dixon.

On Public Lands. Johnson of Arkansas, Johnson of Tenn., Lane, Pugh, Bragg, Harlan, Bingham.

On Private Land Claims. Benjamin, Wigfall, Polk, Grimes, Ten Eyck.

On Indian Affairs. Sebastian, Fitch, Rice, Harlan, Hemphill, Doolittle, Clark.

On Pensions. Thompson, Clay, Salisbury, Powell, Durkee, Harlan, Grimes.

On Revolutionary Claims. Toombs, Crittenden, Nicholson, Durkee, Ten Eyck.

On Claims. Iverson, Mallory, Bragg, Sumner, Foot.

On District Columbia. Brown, Mason, Johnson of Tenn., Yulee, Kennedy, Hamlin, Wilson.

On Patents. Bigler, Thompson, Toombs, Hemphill, Sumner, Trumbull.

On Public Buildings. Bright, Davis, Kennedy, Clark, Doolittle.

On Territories. Green, Douglas, Sebastian, Fitzpatrick, Haun, Collamer, Wade.

To Audit Contingent Expenses of the Senate. Johnson of Tenn., Powell, Dixon.

On Printing. Fitch, Davis, Anthony.

On Engrossed Bills. Lane, Bigler, Harlan.

On Enrolled Bills. Haun, Salisbury, Harlan.

On Library. Pearce, Bayard, Collamer.

Mr. Slidell of La., introduced a bill making appropriations to facilitate the acquisition of Cuba by negotiation. Referred to Committee on Foreign Relations.

On motion of Mr. Hale of N. H., a resolution was adopted instructing the Post Office Committee to inquire if it be not practicable, in some manner, to avoid the great delay in the transportation of the mail between Washington and Boston. Adjourned.

HOUSE. Mr. Davidson of Louisiana, argued that the Republicans were here as a party to strike down the rights of the South. He had been asked whether he would consider the mere election of Mr. Seward cause to secede from the Union, and he answered "certainly not;" he would wait for an overt act, but that overt act has been committed, and Mr. Seward is an accessory before the fact of downright raid, for which before God and high heaven the Republican party are responsible.

Mr. Etheridge of Tennessee, American, in a dialogue with Mr. Cobb of Georgia, said he would never give his vote for Speaker to any one instrumental in forcing upon an unwilling people, who had shown that unwillingness by a majority of 10,000 votes—the worst despotism ever attempted to be imposed.

Mr. Botcler of Va., American, withdrew his name as a candidate for Speaker and recommended Mr. Millson of Va., democrat. Mr. McClernand of Illinois, did the same.

The House then proceeded to vote for Speaker with the following result:

Whole number of votes, 226; necessary to a choice, 114; Sherman had 106; Millson, 26; Gilmer, 6; Etheridge, 7; Davis of Ind., 7; scattering, 7. Adjourned.

THURSDAY, Dec. 22.

SENATE. Mr. Lane of Oregon, introduced a bill making an appropriation for payment of the expenses incurred by the people of Oregon and Washington territories to suppress Indian hostilities therein; also a bill to extend the laws and the judicial system of the United States to Oregon.

Mr. Gwin of Cal., introduced a Pacific Railroad bill, and gave notice that he should call it up at an early day.

Mr. Harlan of Iowa, introduced a bill to reimburse the State of Iowa for moneys expended in the suppression of Indian hostilities.

Mr. Clay of Ala., introduced a bill to repeal all the laws granting fishing bounties.

Mr. Davis of Miss., gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill for the territorial organization of Arizona.

Mr. Slidell of La., introduced a resolution that when the Senate adjourns to-morrow it stand adjourned till Tuesday next, and when it adjourns on Tuesday it be adjourned till Friday, and from Friday until the third day of January.

Mr. Colamer of Vt., thought it an injurious evasion of the Constitution.

The resolution was passed. Adjourned.

HOUSE. Mr. Curtis of Iowa, urged the importance of organizing. Four millions of dollars were due to contractors, and many of them were now here imploring members to make an appropriation for their pay.

Mr. Anderson of Ky., wanted first an organization of the House, and then gentlemen might discuss the question of slavery to their heart's content. He was opposed to its agitation. He favored the enforcement of all laws, and there wanted the question to rest. The Democrats could elect a Southern man, and that man was Mr. Gilmer. He did not believe that the mere election of a Republican President or Speaker was cause for going out of the Union. They should wait till he had committed an overt act and trespassed on the rights of the South. Then there would be time enough to consider the subject. Disunion ought not to enter into any man's mind.

Debate was continued. Mr. Haskin of New York, anti-Lecompton democrat; Mr. Nixon of N. J., republican, and Mr. Morris of Pa., republican, avowed their willingness to vote for Mr. Gilmer of North Carolina, American, if the democrats would unite with the Americans on him.

Mr. Burnett of Ky., said if there was no other reason why he should not vote for Mr. Gilmer, that gentleman was sustained by some of the most prominent leaders of the Republican party.

The House then again voted for Speaker as follows:

Whole number of votes, 223; necessary to a choice, 112; Sherman had 95; Millson, 49; Gilmer, 36; Davis of Md., 4; Adrian, 3. The remainder were scattering.

Mr. Keitt of S. C., proceeded to show how an organization could be rapidly effected by the union of all opposed to the Republicans. Let the thirty, including the Southern opposition on the Union side, select a candidate from the democratic side or let the democrats select one from their side; let all unite against the common enemy, and success is certain.

Another ballot was taken with the following result:

Whole number, 222; necessary to a choice, 112; Sherman had 108; Millson, 69; Gilmer, 21; scattering, 26

Mr. Winslow of N. Y., dem., offered a resolution that on and after to-day no vote shall be taken for Speaker until the second Monday in January.

Mr. Washburn of Me., and others on the Republican side, objected to the reception of the resolution.

Mr. Grow of Pa., contended that only two motions were in order—either to proceed to a vote or to adjourn. The discussions of the slavery question had been thrust on and after to-day no vote shall be taken for Speaker until the second Monday in January.

Mr. Washburn of Me., and others on the Republican side, objected to the reception of the resolution.

Mr. Grow of Pa., contended that only two motions were in order—either to proceed to a vote or to adjourn. The discussions of the slavery question had been thrust on the House by those who cry out "no agitation!" The Republicans have sat here with closed lips, while the grossest perversion of their doctrines has been made by men who claim to be fair-minded. Now, while we owe five millions to men who have performed service under written contracts, and have been waiting six months for their pay, it was proposed that gentlemen go home and leave the Government bankrupt. The Republicans take no part in the discussions which delay the organization. They would consent to no adjournments for sports and the holidays while these meritorious claimants are unprovided for.

Mr. Smith of Virginia, and others, sought the floor, but the dispute was terminated by an adjournment.

FRIDAY, Dec. 21.

SENATE. Mr. Davis of Miss., introduced a bill to provide for a temporary government, and to create the office of Surveyor General for the Territory of Arizona. Also a bill directing the manner in which the testimony of certain judicial officers may be taken for use in the United States courts. Adjourned.

HOUSE. Mr. Farnsworth of Ill., republican, spoke at length. He and his Republican friends had been here nearly three weeks, desirous and anxious to vote for a Speaker. They had no disposition to discuss the slavery question now, but would wait till an organization was effected. Mr. F. was often interrupted and catechised. In the course of dialogue, he asked Mr. Millson of Virginia, one of the candidates for Speaker, whether he was in favor of re-opening the slave trade by repeal of laws against it.

Mr. Millson replied that he was not prepared to say whether he was in favor of re-opening the slave trade at some future time. He would like to ask Mr. Farnsworth whether he was in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law.

Mr. F. replied he would answer that question by-and-by.

Mr. Reagan.—Do you indorse the doctrines of Helper's book? Answer like a man.

Mr. Stanton of Ohio, felt it his duty to say for himself and those he represented, that so far as Helper's book advises servile insurrection, he utterly abhorred it.

Mr. Lamar of Miss., had always been opposed to opening the slave trade. He was in the Senate when Mr. Seward announced the doctrines which had such a startling effect on the South. Mr. Seward said he expected that in his lifetime there would not be the foot of a single slave on this continent. While he (Seward) utterd this as his deliberate opinion, his form dilated and his pale face was expressive of bad and malignant passion, and his eyes glowed as if the fire of hell was burning in his heart.

Mr. Farnsworth, earnestly—God grant that I too may see the day when the foot of a slave will not rest on this continent.

Mr. Bonham, in his seat—You'll never see that.

In this spirit the debate poceeded. The House then balloted for Speaker, as follows:

Whole number of votes, 212; necessary to a choice, 107: Sherman had 103; Millson, 27; Gilmer, 19; Bocock, 10; scattering, 53. Adjourned.

SATURDAY, Dec. 28.

SENATE not in session.

HOUSE. The debate was continued by several members.

Mr. Smith of Virginia, proceeded to address the House, in reply to Mr. Grow of Pennsylvania. In the course of his (Smith's) remarks, he said in reference to Mr. Sherman's endorsing Helper's book—"One of the very gentlemen who had endorsed the book, had been put in nomination as presiding officer of this House. That presiding officer must sustain the most intimate personal and social relations, necessarily, with the members over whose deliberations he presides, and he asked the House and the country if they would rightfully and truly perform their great social and political duty by electing that man to preside over this body? They may have the power, by force of numbers, to put a man who is a murderer—a robber—a man who proclaimed his deadly hostility to one-half of the Union—in that chair, but I ask them if it is right—if they will stand as the representatives of constitutional liberty on this floor?"

Mr. Sherman, with composure, but showing signs of a gathering storm—I desire to know if the gentleman from Virginia applied these words to me?

Mr. Smith, quickly—I am illustrating. I did not say the gentleman is a murderer. I have no such thought, and I was about to say so, and it would have come with more grace than from an interruption.

Mr. Sherman, with a satisfied air—I understand the gentleman.

Mr. Smith, imperiously—I was illustrating. Would you vote for a murderer?

Mr. Sherman and others, eagerly—Certainly not.

Mr. Smith—If the act of a party?

Mr. Curtis, very much excited—I call the gentleman to order. I consider that a reflection upon members on this floor. It impeaches the honor of every man on this side of the house, and I ask the gentleman to recall it.

Mr. Smith, firmly—When I have anything to recall I will do it without being asked. (Applause in the galleries.) It the gentleman will keep cool he will perhaps tare all the better for it. I charged nobody with being murderers or robbers upon this floor, but I do charge that when we came here we found that sixty-eight members of the last Congress, many of them now in this administration, had indorse a pamphlet that was just as bad and as damnable—

(Cries of "good," and applause in the galleries.)

The Clerk said that he gave notice yesterday that if the rules of the House were again violated by this applause in the galleries, he would call upon the officers of the House to suppress it. In accordance therewith, he called upon the sergeant-at-arms and door-keepers to perform their duty.

Here ensued a scene of considerable confusion. After order was restored, the House proceeded to the 21st ballot with the following result:

Whole number, 206; necessary to a choice, 104; Sherman had 100; Bocock, 20; Gilmer, 17; Houston, 17; Mackey, 9; Davis, 11. The rest were scattered among 19 candidates.

Without transacting any other business the House adjourned till Monday.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamship *Asia*, from Liverpool, with dates of the 10th inst., has arrived.

It was rumored in London that the Chinese had ordered the Russians to evacuate the Amoor settlement, and had sealed up the embassy at Pekin in their palace.

The Directors of the Great Eastern have postponed their explanation of embarrassments to the shareholders for a month. There is much dissatisfaction among the shareholders.

The total amount of gold recovered from the wreck of the royal Charter reached £180,000.

Victor Hugo had published an appeal in behalf of Brown's Harper's Ferry affair. He says his execution will be a crime of greatest magnitude.

The pacific policy in France towards England had made much progress.

Spain has ordered an additional levy of 50,000 men.

It is announced in Paris that the Rothschilds have contracted to buy the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railway.

It is stated that the English and French governments were consulting together upon an arrangement of the Italian question, which will not probably satisfy Austria, but which will encounter no serious objections at Berlin and St. Petersburg.

The Paris *Univers* undertakes to prove that the reforms which are called for in the Papal States by the liberal party cannot by any possibility be accorded by the Sovereign Pontiff.

FROZEN TO DEATH. We learn that a young girl named Charlotte M. Harvey, aged fourteen, belonging in Swanville, met a terrible death from cold in that town last week. On Thursday, the day after the storm, Thomas Marden, at whose house she had been living, accompanied her several miles through the snow to the house of James Harvey, one mile from her father's, and left her there. About three o'clock in the afternoon, she set out on foot and alone, to reach home by a road not broken out. On Saturday, when it was found that she had not reached home, search was made, and her dead body found at a distance from the road. It appeared from her tracks, that when about a third of the way home she missed the bridge over a small stream, and in crossing it on the ice broke through several times; a place was also found where she had lain in the snow all night, as the snow was melted around the spot, and the fringe of her shawl frozen to the ice. She had risen from this spot, and in attempting to re-cross the stream had again broken through, and a few rods further on had lain down and died. An inquest was held on Sunday by Coroner McClintock, and a verdict found of death from exposure.—*Belfast Journal.*

FIRE IN ROCKLAND. On Tuesday evening, about nine o'clock, a fire took in the third story of the Commercial House, from a defective chimney, and in spite of every exertion, consumed the main portion of the house. The ell was saved. So sudden was the spread of the flames that about all the furniture and a portion of the baggage of guests were destroyed. While three men were upon a ladder with hose directing a stream of water upon the flames, one of the chimneys fell upon them, killing James Sears, and severely injuring a young man named Love, whose recovery is doubtful. Both are unmarried The rain that was falling at the time alone prevented the fire from spreading to a very serious extent. The house, kept by S G. Dennis, was owned by Horace Beales, and was insured for $8,000. The loss is not less than $10,000 —*Belfast Journal.*

SENATORIAL ETIQUETTE. The following paragraph from the correspondence of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, indicates certain rules of etiquette which govern Washington Society :—

"The Justices of the Superior Court have made their formal call at the White House, and left cards for the Senators, who exact the first visit—either in person or by paste-board proxy—from all save the President. At different times the ladies of Cabinet officers have undertaken to claim "precedence," but the Senators assert that they are the sovereign representatives of the confederated states, and consequently entitled to rank next to the chief Magistrate. Trifling as this matter may appear, it has nevertheless twice made serious difficulty, and once came near causing a change in the Cabinet. The diplomatic corps are also expected to call on Senators, for the above reasons."

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY is truly a balsam. It contains the balsamic principles of the Wild Cherry, the balsamic properties of tar and of pine. Its ingredients are all balsamic. Coughs, colds, and consumption, disappear under its balsamic influence.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$6 0 to 8 00	Round Hog,	$7 00 to 8 00
Corn Meal,	1 15 to 1 20	Clear Salt Pork,	10 00 to 12 00
Rye Meal,	1 25 to 0 0	Mutton,	4 to 6
Wheat,	1 40 to 1 50	Turkeys,	12 to 13
Rye,	1 00 to 1 10	Chickens,	8 to 10
Corn,	1 05 to 1 10	Geese,	8 to 10
Beans,	1 00 to 1 50	Clover Seed,	11 to 16
Oats,	35 to 37	Herdsgrass,	2 75 to 3 00
Potatoes,	30 to 37	Red Top,	83 to 1 00
Dried Apples,	8 to 10	Hay,	11 00 to 12 00
Cooking "	40 to 50	Lime,—	75 to 80
Winter "	75 to 1 00	Fleece Wool,	32 to 40
Butter,	18 to 20	Pulled Wool,	32 to 35
Cheese,	10 to 11	Sheep Skins,	75 to 1 25
Eggs,	21 to 22	Hides,	6 to 6½
Lard,	14 to 19		

FARMERS and others must remember that the prices of many articles in the above list fluctuate somewhat nearly every day—in proportion to their abundance or scarcity in the market, and as we can only give the prices on Tuesday, due allowance must be made.

BRIGHTON MARKET....Dec. 22.

At market, 1400 Beeves, 200 Stores, 2700 Sheep, 400 Swine

PRICES—*Beef Cattle.*—Extra, $8 00; first quality, $7 50; second, $7 00; third, $5 25 @ $6 00

Working Oxen.—None.

Milch Cows.—$77 @ $99; common, $18 @ $19.

Veal Calves.—$3 00, $4 00 @ $5 00.

Yearlings.—$11 @ $12; two yrs. old $17 @ $21; three yrs. old $22 & 26

Hides.—6c @ 6½c ₱ lb. *Calf Skins.*—11 @ 12c ₱ lb.

Sheep and Lambs.—$1 25 @ $1 50; extra $2 00 @ $2 50

Pelts.—$1 @ $1.37 each

Swine.—Spring pigs 5 a 6c; retail 5½ @ 6½. Fat Hogs, undressed none.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, be ing with the fifth quarter, or the hide and tallow, at the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight agreed on by the parties—varying from 38 to 54 per cent.

Total number of Stock Cars over the different roads, 296.

BOSTON MARKET....Dec 24.

FLOUR.—Sales of common brands Western, at $5 12½ @ $5 25; fancy brands at $5 37½ @ $5 5 ; extras $5 62½ @ $6 25, and superior at $6 25 @ $7 87½ ₱ barrel. Southern is quiet at $5 75 @ $6 00 for fancy ; $6 25 @ 6 50 for extras ; and $7 00 @ 7 50 for superior

CORN.—Yellow, $106 @ $1 08 for old; 93c @ $1,00 for new ; white $30 @ 95c.

OATS—Northern and Canada, 47 @ 49c ₱ bush.

RYE—93c per bushel.

NEW YORK MARKET...Dec.. 29.

Flour—State and Western dull and heavy—Superfine State 5,00 a 5,10; extra State 5.15 a 5.25 ; round hoop Ohio, 5 60 a 5.75, common to good extra western 5.15 a 5 30 ; Southern dull—sales 850 barrels—Mixed to good 5,60 a 5,75 ; fancy and extra 5,80 a 7 25 Canada, extra, 5,60 a 6.00

Wheat, 1,40 a 1,50 Corn, southern, new, 91@; old 1,00.

Molasses steady, Coffee, firm. Beef quiet and much'd.

Among the many restoratives which nature has supplied to relieve the afflictions of humanity, there is no more favorite one for a cer ain class of diseases than the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree ; but however valuable it is, its power to heal the mouth, to relieve, and to cure, is enhanced ten fold by scientific and judicious combination with other ingredients, in themselves of equal worth. This happy mingling exists in that

"Combination and a form indeed"

Of medicine known as

Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Whose value in curing *Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Pulmonary Affection, and Incipient Consumption, is inestimable.*

HOME TESTIMONY.

BOSTON, April 18, 1852
No. 48, Union St.

MR. SETH W. FOWLE,—*Dear Sir* :—Your invaluable medicine I can truly say, has literally snatched me from the grave. Last July I was attacked by a sudden cold, which resulted in a very severe cough, with violent pains in the Side and Chest I became so much reduced, that my friends frankly told me that I must die At this crisis, I heard of *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*, and immediately sent for a bottle. The effect produced was indeed wonderful. My physician, one of the most respectable in Boston, who had previously told me that a cure was hopeless, came in, and I informed him what I was taking. He condemned the Balsam, and advised me to continue the use of it, since which time I have continued to improve daily ; and the same physician who had given me up, told me a few days since, that I might yet live many years. Respectfully, MARY ROWE.

We can cheerfully testify to the truth of the above statement, Mrs. Rowe having been an inmate of our family

WILLIAM DENNETT,
MARTHA DENNETT.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

Prepared by S. W. Fowle & Co., Boston, and for sale by EBEN FULLER, J. W. COFREN, DORR & CRAIG, C. F. POTTER and F. W. KINSMAN, Augusta ; J. A. GILMAN, Hallowell, and by dealers in medicine and appointed agents throughout the State. 1

During our visit to Lowell we were shown through the laboratory of our celebrated countryman, Dr. J. C Ayer. Scarcely could we have believed what is seen there without proof beyond disputing.

They consume a barrel of solid Pills, about 50,000 doses, and 3 barrels of Cherry Pectoral, 120,000 doses per diem. To what an inconceivable amount of human suffering does this point ! 170,000 doses a day !! Fifty million of doses per year !! What amount of thousand of aching sick beds does this appeal before the imagination ! And what sympathies and woe ! True not all of this is taken by the very sick, but alas, much of it is. This cherry Drops and this sugared Pill are to be the companion of sad and anguish and pain, from the cradle to the grave, and mother Eve bequeathed to the whole family of man. Here the infant darling has been touched too early by the blight that withers half our race. Its little lungs are affected and only watching and waiting will tell whether its breath shall turn. This rest drop on its table is the talisman on which its life shall hang. There the blossom of the worn-out bursting into womanhood, is stricken also. All-often's most assiduous care skills not, she is still falling away. The stern monarch comes nearer and nearer every week. This little medicament shall go there, their last, perhaps their only hope. The strong man has planted in his vitals, this same disease This red drop by his side is helping him wrestle with the inexorable enemy ; the wife of his bosom and the cherubs of his heart are waiting in sick sorrow and fear lest the rod on which they lean in the end, be broken.

O Doctor ! spare not skill, nor care, nor toil, to give the unerring sick the best that human art can give.—*Galveston, Texas News.*

SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE. Redding's Russia Salve is the most simple and effective remedy for scalds, cuts, wounds, corns, chilblains, salt rheum, erysipelas, chapped hands, etc ; now before the public. For sale everywhere at 25 cents a box.

Dr. L. Block,
PHYSICIAN OF CHRONIC DISEASES.
Professional Rooms. State St. corner of Green, House of Mrs. Rodgers.
Office hours, from 9, A. M. to 9, P. M. 1y44

MARRIED.

Bloomfield, John Robinson to Emma T. Shattuck, both of Skowhegan.
Bremen, Capt. Henry B. Collamore to Fanny Simmons.
Calais, William H. Ellis of St. Stephen, to Eliza J. McCurdy
Dover, N H. George Hodgdon of South Berwick, to Abby H. Lloyd, of Brooksville.
Fairfield, Benjamin P. Delano to Olive Kidder, both of Winslow.
Greene, Aaron Mower to Anna A. Buckley of Leeds.
Mt. Vernon, Dec. 23d, by Rev. S. Powers, Daniel Whitehouse, Jr., of Readfield to Mary Ann Hilton of Vienna.
Sidney, Dec. 13 h, by Thomas J. Grant, Esq., George W. Colby, of Vassalboro', to Olive M. Robinson
Wilton, by Oliver Pettingill, Esq., David Bonney, Jr., to Mary E. Baker, both of Livermore.

DIED.

Augusta, Dec. 18th, Mrs. Rose Grady, youngest daughter of William and Susan Stevens, aged 27 years and 7 mos.; Dec. 24th Ruth H. wife of J. W. Lawson, 42 yrs. 11 mths.

Auburn, 18th, Harriet B., wife of Col. David Cheney, 48.

Brunswick, 12th inst., Francis A., wife of Capt. J. B. Boutell, 27 years.

Clinton, Dec. 4th, Sally, wife of Capt. John Moors, 78.

Dresden, Dec. 11th, James Lowell, 74.

Eastport, Mrs. Hannah Bell, 56

East Winthrop, Dec. 21st, Daniel T. Whiting, 34.

Readfield, Dec. 17th, Lydia, widow of the late Luther Sampson, Esq., 91 yrs. and 6 mths. (Boston weekly Journal please copy.

Vassalboro, Dec. 24th, Nehemiah Ward, 74 yrs 8 mths. Western papers please copy

JUST PUBLISHED!

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
FOR JANUARY, 1860!
COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW VOLUME.

WITH the number for JANUARY, 1860, the ATLANTIC MONTHLY will enter upon its FIFTH VOLUME, and the Publishers have great pleasure in announcing that the number contains the first chapter of a NEW ROMANCE, entitled

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY;
Written expressly for its pages, by
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

To be continued in succeeding numbers of the Magazine throughout the year.

CONTENTS.—Our Artists in Italy : The Amber Gods ; Song of Nature ; Nemophily ; Substance and Shadow ; Through the Fields to St. Peter's ; The Experience of Samuel Absalom, Filibuster ; Roba di Roma ; Abbie Hasean ; About Spires ; The Professor's Story ; Audenken ; Central British America ; Art ; Reviews and Literary Notices ; Recent American Publications.

TERMS.—Single numbers, 25 cents. Three Dollars per year, postage paid to any part of the United States.

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Clergymen, Teachers, and Postmasters, will receive the Magazine at Two Dollars per year, as heretofore.

Subscription may commence with any number ; and as all the numbers are stereotyped, back numbers can always be furnished.

All orders should be addressed to

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers,
2 135 Washington street, Boston.

An Old Story Newly Told.

BOSWORTH

KEEPS FINE CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING, and will sell CHEAP FOR CASH

BOSWORTH'S

Stock of Over Coats, Frocks, Business and Sack Coats was never so large at this Season. Great inducements are offered to one and all.

BOSWORTH'S

Stock of Furnishing Goods is *immensely* large, including Under Shirts and Drawers, which are *very cheap.*

BOSWORTH

Has a desirable stock of all kinds of Goods for Coats, Pants and Vests, which will be made to Order in point of *style* and *workmanship*, not to be surpassed.

Senators, Representatives, and everybody else, are invited to call at Meonian Buildings,
Nearly opposite Stanley House.
Augusta, Dec. 27, 1859. 2

Annual Meeting.

THE Members of the WEST PENOBSCOT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY are hereby notified that the Annual Meeting of said Society, for the choice of officers will be held at Kenduskeag village, on Wednesday, the fourth day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon.

T. P. BATCHELDER, Secretary.
Kenduskeag, Dec. 19, 1859. 2

Removal.

THE subscriber having removed from China, correspondents are requested to direct their letters to Kendall's Mills, Me., his present place of residence.

His House and Shop, situate in China, are in the market, and will be sold on very reasonable terms, or exchanged for other property. FRANCIS KENRICK.
Kendall's Mills, Dec. 1859. 2

KEROSENE OIL CANS of all sizes at *WHOLESALE* and *RETAIL* by BALLARD & HAPGOOD,
2tf Water street, Augusta.

STATEMENT OF THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

SHOWING its condition on the first day of November, A. D. 1859 as made and presented to the Board of Directors on the 28th day of November, 1859, and transmitted to the Secretary of State for the State of Maine, in conformity with the laws of said State.

Capital Stock, all paid in cash, $500,000.

ASSETS.

Cash on hand and in Bank,	$77,575 33	
Cash loaned on call,	20,000 00	
		$97,575 33
Bills receivable for Loans, amply secured,		70,301 39
Balances on book due from Agents,		6 417 80
Stocks, Bonds and Real Estate as follows :	Market value	Real Estate.
511 shares Hartford Bank stock,	Hartford,	68,985
400 " Phœnix "	"	38,000
100 " Ætna nat. Banking Co. stock,	"	6,500
200 " Exchange Bank "	"	10,000
150 " Bank of Hartford Co. "	"	7 350
200 " Charter Oak Bank "	"	20,000
220 " Farmers' & Mech. Bank "	"	25,300
150 " Mercantile Bank "	"	15,000
142 " Merch & Manuf. Bk. "	"	14,554
315 " Ætna Bank "	"	34,020
177 " City Bank "	"	20,542
200 " Amer. Exchange Bank stock,	N. Y.,	19,200
200 " Bank of Commerce "	"	19,900
300 " Import. and Trad. Bank "	"	32,700
300 " Bank of America "	"	30,225
300 " Manhattan Company "	"	18,000
300 " Merchants' Bank "	"	16,200
200 " Ocean Bank "	"	9,800
200 " Union Bank "	"	9 900
100 " Bank of North America "	"	10,700
300 " Metropolitan Bank "	"	33,000
100 " Blackstone Bank "	Boston,	10,650
100 " Bank of Commerce "	"	10 000
100 " Traders' Bank "	"	10,650
10 " Suffolk "	"	1,250
100 " Hide and Leather Bank "	"	10,650
100 " Webster Bank "	"	10,100
100 " National "	"	10,400
100 " Atlantic "	"	10 000
100 " Safety Fund Bank "	"	10,200
100 " Boylston "	"	11 800
100 " Revere "	"	1,100
200 " Bank of St. of Missouri stock,	St. Louis,	20,200
200 " Merchant' Bank "	"	20,100
120 " Connecticut River Company stock,		3, 00
20 " " R. R. Co.,		1 240
100 " Hartford & New Haven R. R. Co.,		12,400
20 bonds Tenn. St., stock 6 per ct., payable	1892,	18,100
2 " Ohio " " "	1860,	10 125
20 " Mich. " " "	1863,	20,000
10 " Mo. " " "		8,500
35 Hartford City bonds,	1870,	36 500
Total Assets,		$906,173 42

LIABILITIES.

Unajusted losses, (estimated,)	30,598.79
Nett Assets,	$875 574 73
The entire amount of outstanding Risks,	$47,989,481,00
No Premium Notes held by this Company.	

H HUNTINGTON, *President.*

TIMOTHY C. ALLYN, *Secretary.*

State of Connecticut, } ss.
Hartford C unty, } HARTFORD, Dec. 8th, 1859.

Personally appeared H. Huntington, President, and Timo C. Allyn, Secretary of the above named Hartford Fire Insurance Company, and severally made oath that the above statement, by them subscribed, is in their belief, true.

Before me, ELISHA JOHNSON, Justice of Peace.
M. W. FARR, *Agent,*
Litchfield Corner.
2w2

To the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE undersigned, in behalf of the President and Trustees of Waterville College, respectfully represent, that by the last will and testament of SARAH PERLEY, late of Augusta, deceased, there is a legacy for the benefit of said College, in the hands of Stephen Sewall, the Executor of said will, that by the provisions of said will, it becomes necessary to place the same in trust, and the Executor, who was nominated in he will as Trustee, declined to accept said trust. Wherefore your petitioners pray that James T. Champlin of Waterville, may be appointed Trustee of said Fund, under the provisions of the will of said Sarah Perley, deceased,

JOSHUA H. DRUMMOND, } Prudential Committee
JONES B. ELDEN. } of Waterville College.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.... In Probate Court at AUGUSTA, on the second Monday of December, 1859.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of January next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, Judge.

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.*

A true copy of the Petition and Order thereon.

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 1*

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Maine in Legislature assembled.

THE Petition of Wm Ward of Belgrade, Rice Bean, A fred Chamberlain, Samuel Davies, Chas. H. Lovejoy, David T Ward, George H. Weeks, Davi Wilbur, Jonas Butterfield, Joseph Woodward, and Abner Hammond of Sidney, all in the County of Kennebec, humbly show that your petitioners are seized and possessed in severalty of lots numbered one hundred ninety one, one hundred ninety two, one hundred ninety three, one hundred ninety four, two hundred and seven, two hundred and eight, two hundred and nine, two hundred and ten, and two hundred and twenty-four, situate partly in each town of Sidney and Belgrade ; that, by reason of their lands being thus situated they are subject to many and great inconvenience, trouble and expense, in having their land taxed in two towns ; that the difficulties, inconveniences and expense to which your petitioners are now subject, and whereof they complain, would, in a great measure be obviated and removed if they and their lands were set off and annexed to the town of Sidney

We therefore, your petitioners, request that they and their lands may be set off and annexed to the said town of Sidney, and as in duty bound will ever pray,

WM WARD,	JONAS BUTTERFIELD,
JOSEPH WOODWARD,	ALFRED CHAMBERLAIN,
GEORGE H. WARD,	ELIAS M TAYLOR,
RUFUS DAVIS,	AARON TILLSON,
DAVID T. WARD,	CHAS H. LOVEJOY.
SAMUEL W. DAVIS,	THOMAS K. KEEN.

Dec 1859 52

KENNEBEC, SS....*At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the second Monday of December, A. D.*

The Muse.

WINTER.

From his den in the darkened North he comes,
With a thousand shadowy forms,
To fetter the sea with a blast of his breath,
To take a king's share in the harvest of death,
And revel in withering storms!

Oh, a grim old tyrant and grey is he,
With the ashes of year upon year;
His garb is a hurricane wrapping him round,
And the sun is the jewel with which it is bound,
Till clouds, to unrobe him, appear.

He laughs at the long-armed ghosts of the wood
That watch o'er the graves of the flowers;
And he mockingly decks them with crystals of light,
And wraps their stiff limbs in a garment of white,
Brought out of the sands of his hours.

He breathes on the river, and bids it lie
Unnerved in a living death;
He veileth the sun in a storm-bearing cloud,
He covers the earth with an ice-threaded shroud,
And fastens it on with a breath.

The Old Year dies in his deadly grip,
And aside from the present is cast;
But a New year springs from its icy grave,
And strong in its youth the foe to brave,
Shall live when the Winter is past.

The Story Teller.

THE LITTLE MAID OE ALL WORK.

Supper was not ready when Abraham Munday lifted the latch of his humble dwelling, at the close of a long, weary summer day. He was not greatly disappointed, for it often so happened. The table was on the floor partly set, and the kettle over the fire.

"There it is again!" exclaimed Mrs. Munday, fretfully. "Home from work, and no supper ready. The baby has been *so* cross!—hardly out of my arms the whole afternoon. I'm glad you've come, though. Here, take him, while I fly around and get things on the table."

Mr. Munday held out his arms for the little one, who sprung into them with a baby shout.

Mrs. Munday did fly around in good earnest A few pieces of light wood thrown on the fire, soon made the kettle sing, and steam, and bubble. In a wonderfully short space of time all was ready, and the little family consisting of husband, wife, and three children, were gathered around the table. To mother's arms baby was transferred, and she had the no very easy task of pouring out her husband's tea, preparing cups of milk and water for the two older of the little ones, and restraining the baby, who was grappling first the sugar bowl, then the milk pitcher, and next the tea-pot.

"There!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Munday. And two quick slaps on baby's hand were heard. Baby, of course, answered promptly with a wild scream. But what had baby done? Look into the tea tray—the whole surface is covered with milk. His busy, fluttering hands have overturned the pitcher.

Poor Mrs. Munday lost her temper completely. "It's no use to attempt eating with this child," said she, pushing her chair back from the table. "I never have any good of my meals."

Mr. Munday's appetite failed him at once. He continued to eat, however, but more hurriedly. Soon he pushed back his chair, also, and rising up, said, cheerfully—

"There, I'm done, Lotty. Give me the baby, while you eat your supper."

And he took the sobbing child from the arms of its mother. Tossing it up and speaking to it in a lively, affectionate tone of voice, he soon restored pleasure to the heart, and smiles to the countenance of the little one.

Mrs. Munday felt rebuked for her impatience. She often suffered from these silent rebukes. And yet, the trials of temper she daily endured were very great. No relish for food was left. The wants of the two children were attended to, and then while Mr. Munday still held the baby, she busied herself in clearing off the table, washing up the tea things, and putting the room in order.

An hour later. Baby was asleep, and the other children with him, in the land of dreams. Mrs. Munday sat busy sewing on a little frock, and Mr. Munday sat with his face turned from the light, in a brown study.

"Lotty," said the latter, waking up from his reverie, and speaking with considerable emphasis —"It's no use for you to keep going on in this way any longer. You are wearing yourself out. And what's more, there's no comfort at home for anybody. You must get a woman to help you about the house."

"We can't afford it Abraham," was Mrs. Munday's calm, but decided answer.

"We must afford it, Lotty. You are killing yourself."

"A woman will cost a dollar and a quarter a week, and her board at least as much more. We can't spare that sum—and you only getting ten dollars a week."

The argument was unanswerable. Mr. Munday sighed and was silent. Again his face was turned from the light; and again the hand of his wife plied quickly the glittering needle.

"I'll tell you what we might do," said Mrs. Munday, after a lapse of nearly ten minutes.

"Well,"—her husband turned towards her and assumed a listening attitude.

"We might take a small girl to help in the family. It would only cost us her victuals and clothes."

Mr. Munday mused for sometime before answering. He didn't just like the proposition.

"Anything," he at length said, "to lighten your labor. But, can you get one!"

"I think so. You remember poor Mrs. Barrow, who died last month? She left a little girl, about eleven years old, with no one to see after her but an old aunt, who, I've heard, isn't very kind to the child. No doubt she would be glad to get her into a good place. It would be very easy for her here. She could hold the baby, or rock it in the cradle while I was at work about the house—and do a great many little things for me that would lighten my task wonderfully. It's the very thing, husband"—added Mrs. Munday, with animation, "and if you agree, I will run over and see Mrs. Gooch, her aunt, in the morning before you go to work."

"How old did you say she was?" inquired Mr. Munday.

"She was eleven in the spring, I believe."

"Our Aggy is between nine and ten."

Something like a sigh followed the words, for the thought of having his little Aggy turned out, motherless, among strangers, to do drudgery and task work, forced itself upon his mind.

"True. But a year or so makes a great difference. Besides, Anna Barrow is an uncommonly smart girl for her age."

Mr. Munday sighed again.

"Well," he said, after being silent for a few moments, "you can do as you think best. But it does seem hard to make a servant of a mere child like that."

"You call the position in which she will be by too harsh a name," said Mrs. Munday. "I can make her very useful without overtasking her. And then, you know, as she has got to earn her own living, she cannot acquire habits of industry too soon."

Mrs. Munday was now quite in earnest about the matter, so much so that her husband made no further objection. On the next morning, she called round to see Mrs. Gooch, the aunt of Anna Barrow. The offer to take the little girl was accepted at once.

When Mr. Munday came home at dinner time, he found the meal all ready and awaiting his appearance. Mrs. Munday looked cheerful and animated. In a corner of the room sat a slender little girl, not very much larger than Aggy, with the sleeping baby in her arms. She lifted her eyes timidly to the face of Mr. Munday, who gave her a kind look.

"Poor, motherless child!" Such was his thought.

"I can't tell you how much assistance she is to me," whispered Mrs. Munday to her husband, leaning over to him as they sat at the table. "And the baby, seems so fond of her."

Mr. Munday said nothing, but before his mind was distinctly pictured his own little girl, a servant in the home of a stranger. On his return from work in the evening everything wore a like improved appearance. Supper was ready, and Mrs. Munday had nothing of the worried look so apparent on the occasion of her first introduction to the reader. Everything wore an improved appearance, did we say? No, not everything. There was a change in the little orphan girl; and Mr. Munday saw, at a glance, that the change, so pleasant to contemplate, had been made at her expense. The tidy look, noticed at dinner time, was gone. Her clothes were soiled and tumbled; her hair had lost its even, glossy appearance, and her manner showed extreme weariness of body and mind. She was holding the baby. None saw the tears that crept over her cheeks, as the family gathered around the tea table, and forgetful of her enjoying their evening meal.

Supper over, Mrs. Munday took the baby and undressed it, while Anna sat down to eat her portion of food. Four times, ere this was accomplished, did Mrs. Munday send her up to her chamber for something wanted either for herself or the child.

"You must learn to eat quick, Anna," said Mrs. Munday, ere the little girl, in consequence of these interruptions, was half through her supper. Anna looked frightened and confused, pushed back her chair, and stood gazing inquiringly at the face of her mistress.

"Are you done!" the latter cooly asked.

"Yes, ma'am," was timidly answered.

"Very well. Now I want you to clear off the table. Gather up all the things and take them out in the kitchen. Then shake the table cloth, set the table back, and sweep up the room."

Mr. Munday looked at his wife, but said nothing.

"Shall I help Anna, mother?" inquired Aggy.

"No," was rather sharply answered. "Have you studied your lesson?"

"No, ma'am."

"Go about that, then; it will be as much as you can do before bed."

Mrs. Munday undressed her baby, with considerable more deliberation of manner than usual, observing all the while the proceedings of Anna, and every now and then giving her a word of instruction. She felt very comfortable, as she finally leaned back in her chair, with her little one asleep in her arms. By this time Anna was in the kitchen, where, according to instructions, she was washing up the tea things. While thus engaged, to the best of her small ability, a cup slipped from her hand and was broken on the floor. The sound startled Mrs. Munday from her agreeable state of mind and body.

"What's that?" she cried.

"A cup ma'am," was the trembling answer.

"You're a careless little girl," said Mrs. Munday, rather severely. The baby was now taken up stairs and laid in bed. After this, Mrs. Munday went to the kitchen, to see how her little maid of all work was getting on with the supper dishes. Not altogether to her satisfaction, it must be owned.

"You will have to do these all over again," she said—not kindly and encouragingly, but with something captious and authoritative in her manner. "Throw out that water from the dish-pan and get some more."

Anna obeyed, and Mrs. Munday seated herself by the kitchen table, to observe her movements, and correct them when wrong.

"Not that way"—"Here let me show you"—"Stop! I said it must be done in this way." "Here—that is right." "Don't set the dishes down so hard; you will break them—they're not made of iron."

These, and words of like tenor, were addressed to the child, who, anxious to do right, yet so confused as often to misapprehend what was said to her, managed at length to complete her task.

"Now sweep up the kitchen, and put things to rights. When you're done, come in to me," said Mrs. Munday, who now retired to the little sitting-room, where her husband was glancing over the daily paper, and Aggy engaged in studying her lesson. On entering, she remarked,

"It's more trouble to teach a girl like this, than to do it yourself."

Mr. Munday said nothing; but he had his own thoughts.

"Mother, I'm sleepy; I want to go to bed," said Fanny, younger by two or three years than Aggy.

"I don't want to go yet; and besides, I haven't got my lesson," said the older sister.

"Wait until Anna is done in the kitchen, and she will go up and stay with you. Anna!" Mrs. Munday called to her, "make haste! I want you to put Fanny to bed."

In a few minutes Anna appeared, and, as directed, went up stairs with Fanny.

"She looks tired. Hadn't you better tell her to go to bed also," suggested Mr. Munday.

"To bed!" ejaculated Mrs. Munday, in a voice of surprise, "I've got something for her to do besides going to bed."

Mr. Munday resumed the reading of his paper, and said no more. Fanny was soon asleep.

"Can't Anna go up with me now? I'm afraid to go alone," said Aggy, as the little girl came down from the chamber.

"Yes, I suppose so. But you must go to sleep quickly. I've got something for Anna to do."

Mr. Munday sighed, and moved himself uneasily in his chair. In half an hour Anna came down—Aggy was just asleep. As she made her appearance, the baby awoke and cried out.

"Run up and hush the baby to sleep before he gets wide awake," said Mrs. Munday.

The weary child went as directed. In a little while the low murmur of her voice was heard, as she attempted to quiet the babe by singing a nursery ditty. How often had her mother's voice soothed her to sleep with the self-same words and melody. The babe stopped crying; and soon all was silent in the chamber. Nearly half an hour passed, during which Mrs. Munday was occupied in sewing.

"I do believe that girl has fallen asleep," said she at length, letting her work drop in her lap, and assuming a listening attitude.

"Anna!" she called. But there was no answer.

"Anna!" The only returning sound was the echo of her own voice.

Mrs. Munday started up, and ascended to her chamber. Mr. Munday was by her side, as she entered the room. Sure enough; Anna had fallen asleep, leaning over on the bed where the infant lay.

"Poor motherless child!" said Mr. Munday, in a voice of tender compassion that reached the heart of his wife, and awakened there some womanly emotions.

"Poor thing! I suppose she is tired out," said the latter. "She'd better go to bed."

So she awakened her, and told her to go up into the garret, where a bed had been made for her on the floor. Thither the child proceeded, and there wept herself again to sleep. In her dreams that night, she was with her mother, in her own pleasant home, and she was still dreaming of her mother and her home, when she was awakened by the sharp voice of Mrs. Munday, and told to get up quickly and come down, as it was broad daylight.

"You must kindle the fire and get the kettle on in a jiffy."

Such was the order she received on passing the door of Mrs. Munday's room.

We will not describe, particularly, the trials of this day for our poor little maid of all work. They were very severe, for Mrs. Munday was a hard mistress. She had taken Anna as help, though not with the purpose of overworking or oppressing her. But now that she had some one to lighten her burdens and "take steps for her," the temptation to consult her own ease was very great. Less wearied than in days past, because relieved of scores of little matters about the house, the aggregate of which had worn her down, she was lifted somewhat above an appreciative sympathy for the child, who, in thus relieving her, was herself heavily overtasked. Instead of merely holding the baby for Mrs. Munday, when it was awake and would not lie in its cradle, and doing for her the "little odd turns," at first contemplated, so as to enable her the better to get through the work of the family, the former at once began to play the lady, and to require of Anna not only the performance of a great deal of household labor, but to wait on her in many instances where the service was almost superfluous.

When Mr. Munday came home at supper time, he found his wife with a book in her hand. The table was set, the fire burning cheerfully, and the hearth swept up. The baby was asleep in its cradle, and as Mrs. Munday read, she now and then touched gently with her foot the rocker. This he observed through the window, without himself being seen. He then glanced into the kitchen. The kettle had been taken from the fire—the teapot was on the hearth, flanked on one side by a plate of toast, and on the other by a dish containing some meat left from dinner, which had been warmed over. These would have quickened his keen appetite, but for another vision. On her knees, in the middle of the room, was Anna, slowly, and evidently in a state of exhaustion, scrubbing the floor. Her face, which happened to be turned towards him, looked worn and pale, and he saw at a glance her red eyes, and the tears upon her cheeks. While he yet gazed upon her, she paused in her work, straightened her little form with a wearied effort, and clasping both hands across her forehead, lifted her wet eyes upwards. There was no motion of her wan lips, but Mr. Munday knew that her heart, in its young sorrow, was raised to heaven. At this moment, the kitchen door was opened, and Mr. Munday saw his wife enter.

"Eye-service!" said she, severely, as she saw the position of Anna. "I don't like this. Not half over the floor yet! Why, what have you been doing?"

The startled child bent quickly to her weary task, and scrubbed with a new energy imparted by fear. Mr. Munday turned, heart-sick, from the window, and entered their little sitting-room, as his wife came in from the kitchen. She met him with a pleasant smile, but he was grave and silent.

"Don't you feel well?" she inquired, with a look of concern.

"Not very well," he answered, evasively.

"Have you felt bad all day?"

"Yes. But I am heart-sick now."

"Heart sick! What has happened, Abraham?" Mrs. Munday looked slightly alarmed.

"One whom I thought full of human kindness has been oppressive, and even cruel."

"Abraham! What do you mean!"

"Perhaps my eyes deceived me!" he answered —"perhaps it was a dream. But I saw a sight just now to make the tears flow."

And as Mr. Munday spoke, he took his wife by the arm, and led her out through the back door.

"Look!" said he, "there is a poor motherless child, scarcely a year older than our Aggy!"

Anna had dropped her brush again, and her pale face and tearful eyes were once more uplifted. Was it only a delusion or fancy; or did Mrs. Munday really see the form of Mrs. Barrow, stooping over her suffering child, as if striving to clasp her in her shadowy arms?

For a few moments, the whole mind of Mrs. Munday was in a whirl of excitement. Then stepping back from the side of her husband, she glided through the open door, and was in the kitchen ere Anna had time to change her position. Frightened at being found idle again, the poor child caught eagerly at the brush which lay upon the floor. In doing so, she missed her grasp, and weak and trembling from exhaustion, fell forward, where she lay motionless. When Mrs. Munday endeavored to raise her up, she found her insensible.

"Poor—poor child!" said Mr. Munday, tenderly, his voice quivering with emotion, as he lifted her in his arms. He bore her up to the children's chamber, and laid her on their bed.

"Not here," said Mrs. Munday. "Up in her own room."

"She is one of God's children, and as precious in His sight as ours," almost sobbed the husband, yet with a reproving sternness in his voice. "She shall lie here!"

Mrs. Munday was not naturally a cruel woman; but she loved her own selfishly; and the degree in which this is done, is the measure of disregard towards others. She forgot, in her desire for service, that her little servant was but a poor, motherless child, thrust out from the parent nest, with all the tender longings of a child for love, and all its weaknesses and want of experience. She failed to remember that, in the sight of God, all children are equally precious.

But the scales fell from her eyes. She was rebuked, humbled, and repentant.

"Anna must go back to her aunt," said Mr. Munday, after the child had recovered from her brief fainting fit, and calmness was once more restored to the excited household.

"She must remain," was the subdued, but firm answer. "I have dealt cruelly with her. Let me have an opportunity to repair the wrong she has suffered. I will try to think of her as my own child. If I fail in that, the consciousness of her mother's presence will save me from my first error."

And Anna did remain—continuing to be Mrs. Munday's little maid-of-all-work. She was never overburdened, but treated with a judicious kindness that won her affections, and made her ever willing to render service to the utmost of her ability.—*Aurthur's Home Magazine.*

PERFECT SILENCE is the only way some persons can keep their tempers, and that to a cross person is often but adding fuel to the flame. A little unexpected act of attention or kindness at such a time, will sometimes surprise your opponent into good humor in spite of himself, and start repentant tears from his eyes. Happy he who can do this, for by every such act of magnanimity does he diminish the distance between himself and heaven.

A GRIM INQUISITOR.

Motley, in his history of "the Rise of the Dutch Republic," gives the following graphic sketch of one of the grim inquisitors who ravaged the Northernlands in the 16th century:

Among all the inquisitors, the name of Peter Titlemann was now pre-eminent. He executed his infamous functions throughout Flanders, Douay, and Tournay, the most thriving and populous portions of the Northernlands, with a swiftness, precision, and even with a jocularity which hardly seemed human. There was a kind of grim humor about the man. The woman who, according to Lear's fool, was wont to thrust her live eels into the hot paste, rapping them o' the coxcombs with a stick, and crying reproachfully, "wantons lie down!" had the spirit of a true inquisitor. Even so dealt Titlemann with his heretics writhing on the racks or in the flames. Cotemporary chronicles give a picture of him as of some grotesque yet terrible goblin, careering through the country by night or day, alone, on horseback, smiting the trembling peasants on the heads with a great club, spreading dismay far and wide, dragging respected persons from their firesides or their beds, and thrusting them into dungeons, arresting, strangling, burning, with hardly the shadow of warrant, information or process.

The secular sheriff, familiarly called Red Rod, from the color of his wand of office, meeting this inquisitor Titlemann one day upon the high road, thus wonderingly addressed him:

"How can you venture to go out alone, or at most with an attendant or two, arresting people on every side, while I dare not attempt to execute my office except at the head of a strong force, armed in proof; and then only at the peril of my life?"

"Ah! Red Rod," answered Peter, joeosely, "you deal with bad people. I have nothing to fear, for I seize only the innocent and virtuous, who make no resistance, and let themselves be taken as lambs."

"Mighty well," said the other; "but if you arrest all the good people and I all the bad, 'tis difficult to say who in the world is to escape chastisement." The reply of the inquisitor has not been recorded, but there is no doubt that he proceeded like a strong man to run his day's course.

He was the most active of all the agents in the religious persecution at the epoch of which we are now treating, but he had been inquisitor for many years. The martyrology of the provinces reeks with his murders. He burnt men for idle words or suspected thoughts; he really waited, according to his frank confession, for deeds. Hearing once that a schoolmaster, named Geleyn de Muller, Audernade, "*was addicted to reading the Bible*," he summoned the culprit before him and accused him of heresy. The schoolmaster claimed, if he were guilty of any crime, to be tried before the judges of his town.

"You are my prisoner," said Titlemann, "and are to answer me and none other."

The inquisitor proceeded accordingly to catechise him, and soon satisfied himself of the schoolmaster's heresy. He commanded him to make immediate recantation. The schoolmaster refused.

"Do you not love your wife and children?" asked the demoniac Titlemann.

"God knows," answered the heretic, "that if the whole world were of gold, and my own, I would give it all only to have them with me, even had I to live on bread and water and in bondage.

"You have, then," answered the inquisitor, "only to renounce the error of your opinions."

"Neither for wife, children, nor all the world, can I renounce my God and religious truth," answered the prisoner. Thereupon Titlemann sentenced him to the stake. He was strangled, and then thrown into the flames.

At about the same time, Thomas Calberg, tapestry weaver of Tournay, within the jurisdiction of the same inquisitor, was convicted of having copied some hymns from a book printed in Geneva. He was burned alive. Another man, whose name has perished, was hacked to death with seven blows of a rusty sword, in the presence of his wife, who was so horror-stricken that she died on the spot before her husband. His crime, to be sure, was anabaptism, the most deadly offence in the calendar. In the same year, one Walter Kapell was burned at the stake for heretical opinions. He was a man of some property, and beloved by the poor people of Dixmyde, in Flanders, where he resided, for his many charities. A poor idiot, who had been often fed by his bounty, called out to the inquisitor's subalterns, as they bound his patron to the stake, "Ye are bloody murderers; that man has done no wrong; but has given me bread to eat." With these words he cast himself headlong into the flames to perish with his protector, but was with difficulty rescued by his officers. A day or two afterwards, he made his way to the stake, where the half burnt skeleton of Walter Kapell remained, took the body upon his shoulders, and carried it through the streets to the house of the chief burgomaster, where several other magistrates happened to be in session. Forcing his way into their presence, he laid the burthen at their feet, crying, "There, murderers! ye have eaten his flesh, now eat his bones!" It has never been recorded whether Titlemann sent him to keep company with his friend in the next world. The fate of so obscure a victim could hardly find room on the crowded pages of the Netherland martyrdom.

This kind of work, which went on daily, did not increase the love of the people for the inquisition or the edicts. It terrified many, but it inspired more with that noble resistance to oppression, particularly to religious oppression, which is the sublimest instinct of human nature. Men confront the terrible inquisitors with a courage equal to their cruelty. At Tournay, one of the chief cities of Titlemann's district, and almost before his eyes, one Bertrand le Blas, a velvet manufacturer, committed what was held an almost incredible crime. Having bezged his wife and children to pray for a blessing upon what he was about to undertake, he went on Christmas Day to the Cathedral of Tournay and stationed himself near the altar. Having awaited the moment in which the priest held on high the consecrated host, Le Blast then forced his way through the crowd, snatched the water from the hands of the astonished ecclesiastic, and broke it into bits, crying aloud as he did so—

"Misguided men, do ye take this thing to be Jesus Christ, your Lord and Saviour?

With these words he threw the fragments on the ground, and trampled them with his feet. The amazement and horror were so universal at such an appalling offence, that not a finger was raised to arrest the criminal. Priest and congregation were alike paralyzed, so that he would have found no difficulty in making his escape. He did not stir, however; he had come to the church determined to execute what he considered a sacred duty, and to abide the consequences. After a time he was apprehended. The inquisitor demanded if he repented what he had done. He protested, on the contrary, that he gloried in the deed, and that he would die a hundred deaths to rescue from such a daily profanation the name of the Redeemer, Christ. He was then put thrice to the torture, that he might be forced to reveal his accomplices. It did not seem in human power for the man to accomplish such a deed of darkness without confederates. Bertrand had none, however, and could denounce none. A frantic sentence was then devised as a feeble punishment for so much wickedness. He was dragged on a hurdle, with his mouth closed with an iron gag, to the market-place. Here his right hand and feet were burned and twisted off between two red hot irons. His tongue was torn out by the roots, and because he still endeavored to call upon the name of God, the iron gag was again applied. With his arms and legs fastened together behind his back, he was then hooked by the middle of his body to an iron chain, and made to swing to and fro over a slow fire till he was entirely roasted. His life lasted almost to the end of these ingenious tortures, but his fortitude lasted as long as his life.

BROUGHAM.

Standing in the narrow Gothic railed-off space reserved for the public—the throne at the opposite extremity of the House—you may see on one of the benches to the right, almost every afternoon, Saturday and Sunday excepted, during the session, a very old man with a white head, and attired in a simple frock and trousers of shepherd's plaid. It is a leonine head, and the white locks are bushy and profuse. So, too, the eyebrows, penthouses to eyes somewhat weak now, but that can flash fire yet upon occasions. The face is powed with wrinkles, as well it may be, for the old man will never see fourscore years again, and of these threescore, at the very least, have been spent in study and the hardest labor, mental and physical. The nose is a marvel—protuberant, rugose, aggressive, inquiring and defiant; unlovely, but intellectual. There is a trumpet mouth, a belligerent mouth, projecting and self-asserting; largish ears, and on chin or cheeks no vestige of hair. Not a beautiful man this on any theory of beauty, Hogarthesque, Ruskinesque, Winklemanesque, or otherwise. Rather a shaggy, gnarled, battered, weather-beaten, ugly, faithful, Scotch-colly type. Not a soft, imploring, yielding face. Rather a tearing, mocking, pugnacious, cast of countenance. The mouth is fashioned to the saying of harsh, hard, impertinent things: not cruel but downright; but never to whisper compliments, or simper out platitudes. A nose, too, that can snuff the battle afar off, and with dilated nostrils breathe forth a glory that is sometimes terrible, but not a nose for a pounce-box or a Covent Garden bouquet, or a *flacon* of Frangipani. Would not care much for trifles either, I think, or the delicate aroma of sparkling Moselle. Would prefer onions or strongly infused malt and hops: something honest and unsophisticated. Watch this old man narrowly, young visitor to the Lords. Scan his furrowed visage. Mark his old angular ways and gestures, passing uncouth. Now he crouches, very doglike, on his crimson bench; clasps one shepherd's plaid leg in both his hands. Botherem, Q. C., is talking nonsense, I think. Now the legs are crossed, and the hands thrown behind; now he digs his elbows into the little Gothic writing table before him, and buries the hands in that puissant white hair of his. The quiddities of Flourem, Q. C., are behind human patience. Then with a wrench, a wriggle, a shake, a half turn and half start up—still very doglike, but of Newfoundland rather, now, he asks a lawyer or a witness a question. Question very sharp and to the point, not often complimentary by times, and couched in that which is neither broad Scotch nor Northumbrian burr, but a rebellious mixture of the two. Mark him well, eye him closely: you have not much time to lose. Alas! the giant is very old; though with frame yet unenfeebled, with intellect yet gloriously unclouded. But the sands are running, ever running. Watch him, mark him, eye him, score him on your mind tablets: then home: and in after years it may be your lot to tell your children, that once at least you have seen with your own eyes the famous Lord of Vaux; once listened to the voice that has shaken thrones and made tyrants tremble; that has been a herald of deliverance to millions pining in slavery and captivity; a voice that has given utterance, in man's most eloquent words, to heaven; a voice that has been trumpet sounding these sixty years past in defence of Truth, and Right, and Justice—in advocacy of the claims of learning and industry, and of the liberties of the great English people, from whose ranks he rose; a voice that should be entitled to a hearing in a Walhalla of wise heroes, after Francis of Verulam and Isaac of Grantham; the voice of one who is worthily a lord, but who will be yet better remembered, and to all time—remembered enthusiastically and affectionately—as the champion of all good and wise and beautiful human things—Harry Brougham.—*Twice Round the Clock: by George Augustus Sala.*

HATE NOT.

Hate not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill-will or hard thoughts toward any one. What if that man has cheated you, or that woman has played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in time of need, or that one having won your utmost confidence, your warmest love, has concluded that he prefers to consider and treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country?" All who ill-treat you now will be more sorry for it then, than you, even in your deepest disappointment and grief, can be.

Do not commit the folly of hating, of feeling revengeful towards the frail beings for whom, if you are a true child of God, your soul is yet to yearn in agonizing pity, or to burn with quenchless love.

A little while and all misunderstandings, differences, and heartburnings are to be over forever; and how you will then regret that ever you had an unkind thought of any human being.

When one, who is your enemy, or worse, your ungenerous and untractable friend, refuses to favor you, or makes a thrust at your interest or your feelings, if you feel the motions of that revengeful tiger that has his lair in every heart; if he lift himself up and shake his fierce head and say, "Beware, I have it in my power to bring you forcibly to terms, or at least sorely to punish you," hold that tiger down. He is a child of the devil, and his business is to tease you, and to drive you to rend, and destroy. Listen not to him, but look upon the one he asks for his victim and say: "He is but dust and ashes as I am. His heart has its own burdens and sorrows, though his eyes now have that hard and steely light, and though their glances are cold as ice when they turn on me, yet they have wept tears of anguish, and they will weep again before they close forever. He will have enough to bear, let not me torment him. When we stand in judgment before God, if his doom is to go into banishment, how thankful shall I be that I forgave the wrong he did me, or that I did not add a feather to the trouble of his life; and if he and I are welcomed to the Holy City, surely then, I shall rejoice that I avenged not myself against him. It may be hard now to love when I am not loved, it may be a struggle freely to forgive, but it is not worth while to do aught else; for the dying should never contend with the dying, nor be anything but patient and pitiful with each other. And verily, we are all worms together, and soon we shall be hidden together in the earth."

A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, a little longer hurrying and worrying through the world, some hasty greetings, and abrupt farewells, and our play will be "played out," and the injurer and the injured will be led away, and ere long forgotten. Is it worth while to hate each other?—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

To Tanners and Manufacturers
OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

WE, the undersigned, take the liberty to invite your attention to our new process of tanning, viz:—With Sweet Fern, patented Oct. 14, 1856. We claim and have demonstrated the fact, that our process of tanning is superior to any process known in this or any other country at the present time. The material we use in our process, is cheaper than any other material now in use; for the following reasons, viz:—It produces an article of leather, equal in all respects, and superior in some, to either French or German leather, and consequently the leather will bring two-fifty per cent. more than leather tanned with bark. It is as cheap as bark at two dollars per cord, as applied by our process to the purposes of tanning.

The time occupied in tanning is not over one fourth of the time occupied in the process of tanning with bark.

A Tannery can be built with one-fourth the expense that a tannery can be to tan the same amount of leather with bark We use no power for grinding and all other power is unnecessary except for preparing and fitting the hides and skins, which is done in the usual way

It is equally adapted to all kinds of tanning, producing wax, sole, harness or hand, superior to Hemlock or Oak. We tan calf skins 10 lbs. average in ten days, was in thirty days, sole, hand and harness in sixty days, of the qualities above mentioned.

Our process produces greater weight than can be produced by any other material, producing an article of leather of the same quality.

Our process requires not over one-fourth the labor to produce the same amount of leather that it does by the bark process.

Tanneries are in full operation at Branch Mills, China; and at South China, where the operations can be witnessed by those who desire information relative to the subject, and at which places, leather and skins are kept on hand for sale, and where specimens can at all times be seen

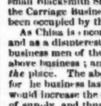
The leather has been in use one year, and has given universal satisfaction, especially in the quality of durability, and in its being water proof. The complexion and the appearance of the leath r and the numerous certificates in our possession, will satisfy the most incredulous that the leather is all we claim it to be.

We say we challenge investigation, and presume we hazard nothing in saying (when we take into account the amount of hides tanned in New England and New York, the amount of leather consumed in the United States, the scarcity of Bark and high price of other tanning materials, necessarily rendering the leather at a high price, making it very expensive to the consumer), that our discovery must ultimately prove of vast public benefit, not only to the producer and consumer of leather, but to the agricultural world, as Fern can be cultivated, if need be, as well as grass or grain. A substitute for bark has long been wanted a time and money have been spent in experimenting to make this discovery. We claim, that after having spent years in investigation, to have made the desired discovery, and we again say that we think we hazard nothing in reputation when we declare that the material is abundant, growing extensively in New England and in most parts of the United States.

We are now prepared to sell individual and territorial rights All communications addressed to HARRINGTON & RUSSELL, at South China or at Palermo, will be promptly attended to.

South China, Aug. 1859. HARRINGTON & RUSSELL.
6m36

House and Shop for Sale or to Rent.



THE Subscriber offers for sale his Dwelling-house and Carriage shop situated in the pleasant village of China, County of Kennebec, and but six miles from Railroad accommodations

The house is a two story, in good condition, and very convenient. Connected with the house is a good barn, nearly new, and of sufficient dimensions to house twenty carriages in addition to good stable room. The lot contains nearly an acre of excellent land; and on the premises is a well, (never dry,) of the best water in the place.

The house, situate in the center of the village, commands a full view of the beautiful Lake in close proximity, and as choice a location as the village affords.

The Shop is admirably located, good size, two story; and connected with the same is a shed and Store House, and near by a small Blacksmith Shop, all well arranged for the prosecution of the Carriage Business, for which they were constructed and have been occupied by the subscriber.

As China is accompanied by a prosperous farming community, and as a disinterested opinion is suggested, please learn of the business men of the place, that this is a desirable stand for the above business; and if Blacksmithing only is indicated, this is *the* place. The above named shop on the street is well arranged for the business last mentioned, and the prosecution of the same would increase the demand for work already beyond the means of supply, and thus prove mutually beneficial to the community and to those who "ply the hammer."

In addition to other facilities for religious, moral and mental culture, the village affords two meeting-houses, an academy and school-house.

The above property, thus favorably situated, will be sold at a very low price, on easy terms, and immediate possession given. The house or shop will be sold or rented separately if desired, or said property will be exchanged for a small farm, pleasantly located. Call on or address the subscriber.

☞ Persons indebted are requested to pay up
FRANCIS KENRICK.
China, October 1st, 1859. 42tf

THE GREAT BENEFACTOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD!

STEWART'S
Fuel Saving and Comfort Producing
COOKING STOVE!

FOR Wood or Coal. With or without Hot Water Reservoir and Warming Closet. Improved 1859, with new and extra large Flues!

THE STEWART STOVE
Is the only true Economist among Cooking Stoves.
THE STEWART STOVE
Operates to Perfection with Bituminous Coal.
THE STEWART STOVE
Will pay for itself in saving of fuel every three years.
THE STEWART STOVE
Does all sorts of Cooking at the same time and also gives you plenty of hot water, and a warming closet, without cost.
THE STEWART STOVE
Combines the entire knowledge of a veteran inventor of 25 years experience.
THE STEWART STOVE
Bakes perfectly on top and in oven, and roasts in front, all at the same time.
THE STEWART STOVE
Will do twice the work of any other stove, with the same sized oven.
THE STEWART STOVE
Cooks meat and pastry together without imparting the flavor of one to the other.
THE STEWART STOVE
Will last twenty years. Many are now in use that were purchased fifteen and twenty years ago. Although costing more at first, it is in the end cheaper than any common Stove.
THE STEWART STOVE
Is the article suited to every family—it will aid in promoting luxury with economy. While it will be found an invaluable servant in the houses of the wealthy, it will also prove a Good Samaritan in securing comfort and happiness to the families of the poor. To those in moderate circumstances it makes itself indispensable by its labor saving and economical qualities.
JOHN W. CHASE,
38 Sole Agent for the Stewart Stove, Augusta,

Guano.

WE WOULD call the attention of Guano Dealers, Planters and Farmers to the article which we have on hand for sale at THIRTY PER CENT. LESS THAN PERUVIAN GUANO, and which we claim to be superior to any Guano or fertiliser ever imported or manufactured in this country. This Guano is imported by Wm. H. WEBB, of New York, from Jarvis' and Bakers' Island, in the South Pacific Ocean, and is sold genuine and pure as imported. It has been satisfactorily tested by many of our prominent farmers, and analyzed by the most eminent and popular Agricultural Chemists, and found to contain (as will be seen by our circulars,) a large per centage of *Bone, Phosphate of Lime and Phosphoric Acid*, and other animal organic matter, yielding ammonia sufficient to produce immediate abundant crops, besides substantially enriching the soil. It can be freely used without danger of burning the seed or plant by coming in contact with it, as is the case with some other fertilizers; retaining a great degree of moisture it causes the plant to grow in a healthy condition, and as experience has proved *free of insects*. For orders in any quantity, (which will be promptly attended to,) or pamphlets containing full particulars of analysis and tests of farmers, apply to

JOHN B. SARDY, Agent,
No. 58 South Street, corner of Wall Street, New York City.
A. I. STAPLES, Agent, Concert Hall buildings, State Street,
3m41 Augusta.

Farm and Stock for Sale.

I AM now offering for sale my farm, pleasantly situated in the town of Strong, two miles from Strong Village, in the County of Franklin, and twelve miles from Farmington Hill, the present terminus of the Railroad, and two miles from the line of the contemplated extension of said road.

Said Farm consists of 200 acres of land divided into
PASTURE, MOWING AND TILLAGE GROUNDS,
together with 50 acres of wood-land, and 4 acres of young orchard, with a good opening for a crop next year; has about 800 rods of stone wall; ample and convenient dwelling, wood and hay houses; two large barns, shed and sheep-house in good repair, and as a stock and wheat farm, and for convenience to mills, &c., is equalled by few farms in this vicinity.

My stock, all of which is likely, consists of one yoke of oxen, 7 years old; one yoke of Durhams, 3 years old; one grade cow; one Durham cow, 3 years old; three grade heifers, 2 years old; 2 yoke grade steers, 1 year old; 2 Durham heifer calves; 2 Durham bull calves; 1 mare, 9 years old; 1 horse, 4 year-old; 1 horse, 3 years old; 80 sheep; 75 tons of hay; sleigh; wagon and harness, farming utensils, &c.

TERMS—For farm, $1000 cash, and liberal credit for balance Stock, hay, &c., cash.
47 H. W WORMELL.

Premium Photographs!

ALL lovers of the fine arts who are desirous of an exact portrait of themselves or friends, arrange and finished in the best and most approved style will please give MR. S. W. SAWYER an early call, as he proposes to make a change in his location shortly.

MR. SAWYER having made extra exertions to perfect himself in his hard ware, sparing no pains or expense to produce the finest effect and finish to his pictures, having received the first prize at the State Fair, and secured the services of MRS E. E. LAMSON, who also has received the first prize for finishing Photographs in Water Colors, feels confident that he can give as good if not better satisfaction than any other Artist in the State.

By devoting his own personal attention to his customers, hopes to secure a place in the hearts and confidence of all his friends and former patrons. All wishing a good likeness and a test of his ability will show their good will by calling as soon as possible.

☞ All of those who have not settled for their pictures as well as those who have demanded against him will please call at his rooms immediately, and settle the same.
Winthrop, Oct. 14,